

# The Rambler,

A JOURNAL AND REVIEW OF HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

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PART XXIII.

## CHEAP BOOKS.

It is from no desire to keep the multitude in ignorance that we express a belief that cheap books are often a serious evil. We have no faith in the virtues of stupidity. We are sceptical as to the theory, that the more a human being is like a brute, the better he does his duties as a man. We see no reason for believing that a measure of thought, talent, and learning, is incompatible with plough-driving, cloth-weaving, or the office of handing plates and uncovering dishes at dinner. We believe that the faculties which Almighty God in his wisdom has given to *all*, whatever their station in life, should be developed and cultivated in all, as far as those various stations will permit, the limits of education being set by necessity, and necessity alone. Therefore, when we confess to regarding cheap books as very often a nuisance, which ought to be abated, our readers will not impute to us any fondness for ignorance, dulness, or stupidity.

Nor do we mean that cheap books are *in themselves* an evil. Far from it. The cheaper the better, under certain restrictions. Nor, again, would we imply that the excessive cheapness which we condemn is an evil in all books, of all kinds, and under all circumstances. It is only when cheapness tends to deteriorate the quality of books, and to render good books scarce, that we deprecate that greedy demand for an impossible lowness of price, which is unhappily becoming an epidemic among English readers, and not the least among English Catholic readers.

Nor, once more, is it for the sake of booksellers and publishers that we are about to expatiate on the mischiefs to which we desire to call attention. That the cheap system *is*, in certain cases, a serious infliction upon both worthy and unworthy bibliopoles, can be doubted by none who are at all conversant with the mysteries of "the trade." We leave, however, the publishing and book-vending interest to take care of itself; as, in most cases, it certainly will do. Paternoster Row, with its dependencies, is as fully equal to the task of minding the main chance, as any class of men in the commercial community. It needs no help from *us*, and is far enough

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from depending upon the opinions of luckless scribblers for its thriving in the world. The class of persons who suffer from the present system of exaggerated cheapness are authors and artists; and next to them the public, which, growing more and more exorbitant in its cry for the greatest possible quantity of matter at the lowest possible price, is fed with an intellectual food which every day is depreciated in quality, and becomes more and more valueless as a nourishment for the mind and the soul.

We pray our readers, then, to ponder well the fact, that, at the standard of price to which the Catholic public expect to have good Catholic books sold to them, it is utterly impossible that such books should be provided, except under a rare combination of favourable circumstances. The money which Catholics are willing to give for books is totally inadequate to make it possible to publish them with any tolerable remuneration to their writers, or even with any remuneration at all. The general purchaser has not the slightest notion of the outlay that is involved in the publication of any and every book, and of the millstone which the present system hangs about the necks of those who would supply the public with intellectual food, if they were put into a position to do so. A lady or a gentleman grumbles and frowns at being asked to pay one-half or one-third of the price of a pair of boots or shoes, or the price of a leg of mutton, for a volume which the author has spent perhaps two, three, or four months of hard mental labour in preparing. The diminution which has taken place in the price of some books, carried as it has been in some cases to a preposterous extent, has created an unhealthy craving after a still further cheapening, to be applied alike to all classes of publications, and under all possible circumstances. And we have no hesitation in saying, that amongst ourselves there exists no more insuperable barrier to the advance of education and intellectual cultivation, than this almost universal disinclination to pay a reasonable price for books of a sterling character.

That what we are saying is any thing but

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a fiction, and is not even a fiction "founded on fact," but a literal every-day truth, we shall speedily shew by a few figures and calculations. But before doing this, we must pause a moment to remind the reader that in the production of all books there are four classes of persons concerned, each one of whom must be *paid* for his share in the transaction. It is obvious also that each one of these must be paid, not according to any arbitrary or fantastic standard, dictated by caprice, but by the laws which govern the products of human skill and energy in all their manifold modifications. You must not pay all classes on the same scale. On the lowest principles of expediency, and simply from the selfish desire of keeping up the supply, you *must* pay for certain goods more than for others. If you do not pay more for those which only a few can produce than for those which any body can produce, the inevitable result of your folly will be a cessation of the supply altogether.

Nevertheless, we growl over the guineas we give to a physician, or the bulk of a barrister's fee, forgetting what the education necessary to make men good barristers or doctors has cost; and also forgetting that unless doctors and barristers are paid so as to enable them to live like gentlemen, they will not *be* gentlemen; and if they are not so, they will never be competent to advise us in the affairs of our bodies and our purses. The rule holds good from the bricklayer's labourer, and common country labourer in the fields, upwards. We may, if we please, say that society ought to pay no more to a carpenter for putting up a few shelves, than to a ploughman for spending an equal amount of time in following the plough-tail. But if society is so simple as to attempt to enforce this theory in practice, society will infallibly be compelled to go without the carpenter's skill altogether, and the whole human race will be reduced to one dead level of ignorance, stupidity, helplessness, and barbarism. If we will not pay all producers in proportion to the nature of their productions, we may as well burn our books and houses, strip off our coats and stockings, clothe ourselves in skins, and go and live in the woods at once, like the savages to whose primeval state of barbarism we are wilfully reducing ourselves and our children.

Each one of the four classes of persons concerned in the publication of books must therefore be remunerated according to the quality of the work he does. He must receive that payment without which it is impossible that the work he produces can be *good of its kind*. We speak of these as four classes, though from the author down to the printer's devil, the somewhat arbitrary laws of society divide them into various gradations,

which melt into one another by almost imperceptible degrees. There is the author who writes the book, the artist who designs the illustrations, and the engraver who transfers them to wood, copper, steel, or stone; there is the publisher, who buys the copyright, and publishes the book at his own risk, or else publishes for the author; there is the intermediate house in the wholesale trade, which transfers the book from the publisher to the retail bookseller; there is the retail bookseller, with all his assistants in business; there is the whole machinery concerned in the printing,—the master-printer, who, to do his work well, ought to be a man of education and intelligence, with the whole multitude of compositors, readers, pressmen, and so forth, some of whom *must* be not mere mechanics, but persons of thought and good information; there is the whole paper-making establishment, from the manufacturers of and dealers in paper, down to their humblest working boys and women; and there is also the book-binder, with his staff, some of whom again must be more than mere animated machines, if the work is to be completed so as to satisfy the demands of a cultivated taste and fancy; besides others whom we have not named.

All these many workers are classed, on the whole, by society and necessity, into four divisions. First, there is the mechanical class, the men, women, and boys, who work chiefly with their hands; secondly, the tradesman class, comprising the retail bookseller, the master-printer, and the paper-dealer; thirdly, the men of capital and wholesale dealing, who publish the book; and fourthly, the author and the artist. Now, as it happens, the first three of these four classes are far less affected by the excessive cheapness which we deprecate than the last. Doubtless, all suffer to some extent, though there are instances (by no means common) in which the publisher thrives wonderfully upon the system. With these three sections, however, we have nothing now to do. Altogether, they take care of themselves, and are probably as nearly as may be elevated to that rank and social position which the nature of their occupation renders it desirable that they should fill. When they have *enough* to do, each in their way, they live very well, and have little or nothing to complain of. It is the author (and in speaking of him we comprise the artist, who is sometimes his coadjutor) who is crushed to death by the demands of that despotic public whose behests he would fain obey, even though he perishes in the attempt. With all the others, taking the remuneration paid for labour at its present standard, all that is needed is a *sufficiency* of it. With the unfortunate being whose brain produces the material for all this production, the case is far otherwise. Let the demand be what it may, he never can be



remunerated as the necessities of the case require; and as the demand practically is, he is repeatedly not even remunerated on the present miserable and shameful scale.

We suppose we need not stay to prove, that the writers of books ought, as a class, to hold that position in society which entitles a person to be regarded, when it is not his own fault that it is otherwise, as a gentleman. It would be an insult to the readers of the *Rambler* to imagine that they would degrade the men who furnish the food for all that is best and noblest in their nature, to the level of those who make their shoes and clean their horses, or even of those who dispense tea and sugar by the pound, and calicoes by the yard. We do not say that authors, as a class, ought to be able to drive a carriage and pair, to drink claret and hock for dinner, or be waited on by a smart footman in showy livery. But they ought unquestionably to be men of respectable incomes, say from 300*l.* to 1000*l.* a year, if they are (as most men are) married, and have a wife and family to support. They ought to be in circumstances to associate with the best of cultivated society, though perhaps not the most fashionable or aristocratic. They ought to be men of that degree of education which unfortunately still costs so much in this country. They ought to be persons of refined feelings, polished manners, and gentlemanly habits. Their wives ought not to have to cook their dinners, or divide the cleaning of their houses with a dirty maid of all work. They ought not to be in a state of perpetual pecuniary anxiety, arising from the impossibility of preserving a decent appearance on the scantiest means. They ought to be able to purchase and continually add to a good library, and to live in a healthy situation and a moderately large house, and to take recreation daily, and at times to rest altogether from their toils. All this is literally essential, absolutely essential, to the healthy and energetic working of the mental powers, and the consequent production of good books. The mind can no more toil well without these appliances, than a steam-engine can work without oil to its wheels. The infirmities, both physical, moral, and intellectual, of poor human nature, render the healthy operations of the intelligence almost impossible under that pressure which weighs down so many a mind of high qualifications and burning zeal, and which prevents the production of many a work of learning, genius, and skill. The mysterious union between the body and the soul is such, that a rough, poor, hard-working life in bodily things is hopelessly incompatible with a devotion of the energies of the mind to intellectual pursuits. That very high cultivation of the faculties which fits a man to write a good book, produces a physical sensitiveness, and a refinement of general character, which de-

mand a social position removed from the cares and ruder toils of handicraft and the worry of petty pecuniary vexations. All this will be readily granted by every person who has fairly considered what intellectual labour is, and what a truly valuable writer must in almost all cases be.

We assume, therefore, that the remuneration given to men and women who devote themselves to literature as a profession, and also in a proportionate degree to those who are only partly occupied in literary pursuits, ought to be such as to supply them with incomes such as we have specified. In other words, the income of a literary man ought to be about the same as that of other classes of men whose occupations, though not popularly called literary, are yet intellectual. Authors ought to be paid by the same scale as lawyers, doctors, officers in the army and navy, and other classes of professional men, who (like engineers and architects) live by working their brains. All these various professions live, on the whole, as gentlemen, so far as money is concerned. If some fall below the mark, others mount up into the very wealthy and aristocratic ranks. If at one end of the scale there are briefless barristers, and half-starved physicians, and apothecaries who number hardly a dozen patients; there are lawyers in the House of Lords and Commons, and physicians with baronetcies and enormous fortunes, at the other end, who make up the average, and justify the assertion that the members of all these professions do actually *live* by their intellectual toils.

And will any man of decent feelings and ordinary thought,—much more, will any Christian, maintain that those whose office it is to form the mind, to mould the immortal soul, should be men of a lower grade in the scale of intellectual refinement and intelligence than those men who superintend our money-affairs, settle our quarrels, physic our bodies, and build and adorn our houses? Will any Catholic who has an eye to perceive the position which his religion is called to take in this country at the present moment, and who knows the bearings of intellectual cultivation of all kinds upon the prosperity of the Church and the salvation of immortal souls; will such an one venture to maintain that no sacrifice is to be made for the purpose of fostering a life of study among those who are capable of it, and whose published labours would be of incalculable benefit to the cause we all hold most dear? Surely we need say no more in condemnation of that base, grovelling, worldly, and antichristian spirit, which will bestow its wealth by handfuls for the furthering a secular aim, or in the purchase of clothes, horses, and vulgar finery, and yet grudges a few pounds, or almost a few shillings, for the cherishing all that is most worthy of culture

and affection, and most intimately bound up with the welfare of our beloved faith.

Now let us see how far it is *possible* for a man who devotes himself to a literary life to live by his occupation, according to the present state of the demand for cheapness in books. We shall best convince our readers of the oppressive nature of the exactions made by the public upon those who write for their amusement and benefit, by simply stating the details of the cost of a single book; entreating them to ask themselves whether such a state of things is not an intolerable evil.

Let the reader, then, look round his bookshelves, or over his library or drawing-room table, and take up some recently issued book from one of our Catholic publishers, of some 250 pages in length, of respectable appearance, and of that medium size which fashion and convenience now make popular in our religious publications. Such a volume, nicely done up in cloth, lettered at the back in gold, and perhaps with an illustration or two, is generally sold for three shillings, or sometimes even for half-a-crown; and many, we fear, are the pathetic remonstrances that proceed from the innocent and ill-used public at being compelled to disburse this exorbitant sum for what it considers so small a return. We will suppose, however, that the book in question costs three shillings, which is the price of half-a-dozen ice-creams, or a pair of middling kid-gloves, or a dish of mutton-chops.\*

Now what has been expended upon this little volume, before one single copy can be issued to the public, and what are the profits that remain for the luckless being whose brain has toiled for many a weary hour in its composition, when all the copies of the edition are disposed of? We shall suppose that 1000 copies of the book are printed, and that all of them are sold. And this, be it observed, is nothing more than a supposition, for many is the excellent Catholic publication published at this price, which never reaches a sale of 1000 copies, so limited is the demand amongst us, partly from apathy, and partly from a want of knowledge of the *duty* of the public towards those who write the books which it desires to read. Such a volume will cost, for printing, about 40*l.*; for paper, about 12*l.*; for binding, about 16*l.*; and for advertising (at a very low estimate) 5*l.*; making altogether 73*l.* This estimate also allows but a very small sum for those corrections of the press which, to some extent or other, are inevitable in all original compositions, and in many cases amount to a very serious item in the expenses of a publication. We may, however, perhaps

\* The articles which appeared in this Journal, entitled "Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion," are now reprinted, considerably enlarged, and are sold for *one shilling*. Yet they contain 111 closely printed pages, and as much matter as half an ordinary 8vo volume, constantly sold at half-a-guinea or more.

estimate the cost of 1000 copies of such a volume to be 75*l.*

Now then for the returns of the sale. The book we suppose to be sold to the public at three shillings each copy. From this three shillings is to be deducted, first, the trade profits allowed to the retail bookseller by the publisher; secondly, the per-centage paid to the publisher himself by the person who undertakes the risk of the publication (and which must be deducted whether that person be the author or the publisher himself); and thirdly, sundry copies of the book which are by law given to public libraries, and by necessity are sent free to various journals for review. The first of these deductions, viz. the allowance made by the publisher to the retail bookseller, and those London houses who supply the country and retail trade, is 25 per cent, and, besides this, an additional copy *gratis* for every twenty-four copies thus taken; making the allowance to the trade nearly 29 per cent. Add to this the 10 per cent claimed by the publisher for his services, and the copies necessarily given away, and we find that *at least* 40 per cent is deducted from the selling price of any book, before one farthing goes into the pocket of the author, if he is the publisher of his own book, or to the party, whoever he is, who undertakes the risk, and is compelled to pay the cost of printing, paper, and advertising, whether the book sells or not.

The whole selling price of 1000 copies of such a book as we have specified, at three shillings each, amounts to 3000 shillings, or 150*l.* From this deduct 40 per cent, or, in other words, two-fifths of the whole sum, and there remains 90*l.* to pay for all the cost of publishing, and to remunerate the author besides. The cost of publishing we have seen to be about 75*l.*; and thus the enormous sum of 15*l.* remains to pay the author for all his toils!

Now, further, let us inquire *what* the writer has been compelled to give, in expectation of gaining this munificent reward, which is equal to the yearly wages of a London housemaid, *without her board and lodging*. From an extensive experience, we have no hesitation in saying, that few or no persons could calculate upon writing the amount of original matter which such a book would contain in less than two months, allowing for ordinary health, and for those occasional interruptions which would certainly befall him. We do not say that many persons might not and do not produce an equal quantity in far less time; but we say that in the long-run they could not *continue* to produce at a quicker rate. Their brain would not stand it; they would have pumped themselves dry, or, instead of pouring forth a fresh and healthy stream of thought, they would throw out a mere torrent of rubbish, which



would be as tedious and profitless to their readers to peruse, as it was irksome and painful to themselves to bring forth. Even this would be a rate of production to which many persons fully competent to write good books would not be equal. The slavery of those who write for the daily press is a proverb. The thought of having to write a leading-article, as long as those in the *Times*, every day in the year, would be appalling to the generality of readers; and the facility and rapidity with which Mr. G. P. R. James writes new novels is one of the marvels which are astonishing the observant public. But what will the kind-hearted and amiable reader of the *Rambler* say, when we assure him or her that the writing of such a volume as we are supposing every two months in the year, is a *more* rapid rate of supply than either the writers of leading-articles in the *Times* or Mr. James himself attains to? For a man to make an income of 100*l.* a year at the rate by which Catholic publishers are enabled to remunerate the authors whose works they publish, he must write as much as a leading-article and a half in one of the daily papers, on the average, every week-day that he lives. Such is the fact; and a most momentous fact it is, not only for the writers of books, but for all who read them, and would have books written that may deserve to be read. To live, and bring up a family, like a person of respectability, on the income which an educated Catholic can gain with his pen, is an utter impossibility. Supposing all things, even as they now are, to combine in his favour; supposing he never wants a publisher to employ him, is never seized with a long illness, is never hard put to it for a subject, is never afflicted with that mental exhaustion and depression which are the lot of all who work hard with their brains,—supposing all this (which in any individual case is highly improbable), he will gain the income of a tolerably good London carpenter, or of a petty shopkeeper in a country town!

The unhappy results of such a state of things is palpable to the simplest. A Catholic literature, whether on purely theological, or on secular, or half-secular subjects, cannot be created until this evil is remedied. Unless those who are now the purchasers of Catholic books are willing to expend more money for the indulgence of their wishes, or until the number of those who buy becomes double or threefold what it now is, it is vain to hope to see men of genius, learning, and perseverance devote their energies to the cause. We shall continue as now to be supplied with a literature as small in character, as the volumes in which it is clothed are diminutive in size. We shall have translations of short books, generally ill executed, in tolerable quantity; we shall have reprints at a ruinously low

price to all parties concerned; we shall see now and then some zealous individual, a priest or a layman, coming forward and presenting the Catholic public with a really valuable work, original or translated, which he publishes at his own risk, without a hope of gaining a farthing by the transaction; we shall have every now and then a solitary volume from one of those few celebrated Catholic pens whose productions a bookseller will publish at his own cost, because they are sure to pay him; and the whole interspersed at intervals with a short production, now fiery, now prosy, now antiprotestant, now valuable, now unmitigatedly worthless, from one of those ardent spirits who *must* write, and who *will* write, though few may read their lucubrations, save the critics who are doomed to review them.

At this very time we could mention facts to our readers, if such revelations were seemly, which would astonish them as to the paralyzing influences of this over-wrought cheapness in our books. We know of some of the ablest pens at this moment lying dormant because there exists no possibility of gaining a remuneration for their labours. We believe that there is scarcely one solitary original work of any name which has been for some time brought out by a Catholic publisher, which has not been published at the sole risk of the author. An exception to this may be found in the case of the most popular of all the works written on their conversion by some of the recent Anglican converts; but it is an exception which proves the rule we are shewing. Though more than 2000 copies of it have been sold, it has been sold at so low a price that it has only just now cleared its expenses!

Another circumstance must also be borne in mind by those who would reduce our literature to this suicidal cheapness. It is this:—that in all books, except periodicals, the real selling price is actually less than the nominal selling price. There is not a respectable bookseller in London who will not deduct 10 per cent from the cost of any new book, when the purchaser does not demand an exorbitant credit in paying his bill. In all the large towns throughout England the same deduction is invariably made when a purchase is made to the value of a sovereign, and very frequently when it only amounts to four or five shillings. Nor is this all. Many booksellers will give their customers 15 per cent discount, and some few even more than this. Without, however, taking these few into the calculation, it is certain that no person need pay more than nine-tenths of the price of any new book, even though he has several weeks' credit in paying for it. Consequently the demand for cheapness is even more needless and unreasonable than at first sight appears. A volume, called a 5*s.* book, is really to be

had for 4s. 3d. or 4s. 6d., and therefore the purchaser has less reason to complain than he even thinks he has.

The truth is, the trade-allowance is too large, according to the present facilities of business which exist throughout the empire. The rule of allowing 25 and 29 per cent to the retail dealer was established when the carriage of packages throughout the country was tedious and costly, when the postage of letters was eight times as high as it now is, and when country booksellers were obliged to keep a large quantity of books in stock, and consequently required a large profit on those they sold, in order to compensate for the loss of those that remained on their hands. In those days five-and-twenty per cent was no exorbitant sum for the retailer of books to put into his pocket, to pay him for his labour, his risk, and the interest of the capital embarked in his trade. But now railways meander over the whole face of Great Britain, and there is not a petty stationer in a town of 1000 inhabitants who has not his parcel from one of the great London houses once or twice a week, and who cannot write to town with his orders, once or twice a day, for the sum of one penny sterling. And the natural result of these increased facilities in carriage and so forth appears in the discount which the retail bookseller will now make upon the goods he sells, and which is a larger deduction than is made (we believe) in any other article of trade whatsoever.

What, then, the reader will ask, is the purpose of all these remarks? What can any single individual do to counteract all this undeniable mischief to the cause of Catholic literature? The answer is plain. Do not refuse to buy a new Catholic work, when it is really worth having, because it is not brought down to that infinitesimally small price at which valuable books are reprinted by Protestant publishers, who can command a sale of as many *thousands* as we can hope for *hundreds*. And further still, buy more books of that cheap sort which the urgency of popular demand is now drawing from the Catholic press, and of which the sale is so limited, that it scarcely yields to the author any remuneration at all,—every farthing that is gained being divided among printer, paper-maker, binder, bookseller, and publisher.

If the ordinary readers of the *Rambler* and other Catholic publications had the smallest conception of all that is gone through by those whose writings they read, perhaps with the greatest delight, edification, and instruction, in producing works which yield, either no profit at all, or such as it is utterly impossible to live upon; they would not count it an unreasonable request when we say to them, that the Catholic public *must* make an effort to encourage those who toil in

their service, if they would keep Catholic literature even up to its present unsatisfactory condition, and much more if they would raise it to the point to which, as Christians, we are bound to desire to see it raised. Little, indeed, do those who are not writers, but readers, know of what it is to write and publish in these days. Neat, finished, and noiseless, as is the appearance of the writer's printed thoughts, when they first come forth and court the approbation of a fastidious world; peaceful and calm as is the process of perusing a periodical when it issues from the printer's hands; joyous, happy, brilliant, or profound, as may seem the meditations or fantasies of the gifted writer, whose words greet our eyes, as we devour his last new meditations, reclining at our ease in our well-stuffed chair, or comfortably drinking our morning cup of tea;—little is there thus conveyed to the reader's imagination of all that has been done and *suffered* in the process by which this seemingly easy result has been brought to its completion. The delights of popular authorship are accounted so sweet and manifold, and the returns it must bring to the purse of the deserving author are deemed so sure, that those who are not initiated into its secret life conceive it to be a path of comfort and peace, trodden only by a few, because only a few have the abilities or acquirements to tread it. Especially is periodical writing supposed to be a species of delicious intellectual recreation, as charming as it is remunerative. There are many, for instance, who envy the Editor of the *Rambler* as one of the most fortunate of mortals, and dream that the composition and arrangement of the various articles and reviews which fill our pages is a task which, if it requires some little leisure and ability, is yet upon the whole a labour of well-requited love, unchequered by throes of pain, either of the mind or of the body.

Oh, sweet and simple delusion! We would that every individual who thus watches our progress with half-envious gaze, or who remarks upon our faults and deficiencies with unrelenting sharpness, could assume our identity for one single month, and try, by his or her personal experience, what it is to edit and to write a single Number of our humble journal. Unquestionably, it *has* its pleasures and its rewards; but they are far different and far less than the popular idea accounts them, and they are accompanied with drawbacks of which few persons have the faintest conception. Of these dark spots, which cloud the light of our editorial existence, many cannot, of course, be made public; but one or two of the most palpable may be briefly hinted, in order that our readers may perceive that it is not without urgent reason that we plead the cause of all those who, like ourselves, have a share in supplying our



fellow-Catholics with information, amusement, and such little instruction and edification as our poor abilities enable us to offer to them.

Take, for instance, the peculiar circumstance, that, in writing for English Catholics, we are very frequently like men who walk upon a field strewn with gunpowder, which may explode all around them in a moment. We are, some of us, the most sensitive and touchy class of men in the world, and the most unreasonable in our expectations of one another. Not that this is, of course, the case with all Catholics, or even with a majority of our number, but it is too often the case with those who are most ready to come prominently forward before the public eye, and who, though perhaps few in real amount, yet *seem* to represent a body in the background, who are, in fact, calm, gentle, and charitable. An editor or a writer who ventures, like ourselves, to escape from the land of commonplace trivialities, and who would handle those topics which are most practically interesting in the present day, is as sure to run his head against some unexpected obstacle or long-cherished prejudices, as a soldier in the thickest of a battle is certain to encounter a bullet or a blow. So long as a Catholic writer is satisfied to batter loudly upon the old tumble-down tenements of Protestantism, to expend his energies in criticising books of general literature, for which few Catholics have any deep regard, or to expatiate in the world of fiction and poetry, so long may he hope to be regarded by his brother Catholics as an admirable individual, pious, learned, courageous, talented, witty, heroic, and so forth. But let him, with adventurous pen, once approach the region of realities, and put upon paper some few thoughts on those topics which are of daily pressing interest to every devout and thoughtful son of the Church, and lo! the air around him bristles with controversial spears, a flight of arrows salutes his startled countenance, while shouts and cries around inform him that he is not only in error, but a traitor to his cause, and (in plain words) no better than he should be.

Of much of all this, of course, we make not a word of complaint. It is all fair, right, desirable, and necessary, that every man should have his say, and that those who criticise others should themselves be criticised. We have no idea of making an appeal *ad misericordiam*, any more than of crying *peccavi*, when we encounter the blows of open adversaries, however zealously they may be laid upon our heads. But what we do complain of, and what no man pretends to justify, is the absurd imputations which are too often made against Catholic writers (whether those who write in our own journal or elsewhere), for mere differences of opinion on subjects where every

man has a right to his own view. It is really intolerable to look back a few years,—say five, eight, or ten,—and reckon up the number of fierce personal attacks which have been made in print upon individuals of the Catholic body, for no overt acts of evil, or false doctrine, but simply because they took different views, on perhaps trivial subjects, from those of their assailants. We (that is, the writer of this present article) have ourselves a special right to bring forward this subject, for we believe we may claim the distinction—such as it is—of being, without any exception, the most vehemently assaulted individual in the whole English Catholic body. To one other Catholic, who has been pre-eminently the mark for the onslaughts of the Protestant press, on the ground that he is (as they have called him) “the great apostle of wickedness,”—to him, of course, we yield the palm, so far as anticatholic pugnacity is concerned. But with this one exception, it is certain, that if posterity should decide upon the merits and personal character of the humble individual who now endeavours to engage the reader's attention, by the criticisms which have been made upon him in the pages of newspapers, he will be esteemed an absolute disgrace to the Church of which he is indeed but an unworthy, though sincere, son. The number of columns which have been taken up by correspondents and writers in the *Times* and elsewhere, in shewing that he is a rogue, an emissary of Satan, a vilifier of the saints, a hater of all that is Christian in art, a traitor to the cause of the Church, and a very bad sort of a fellow into the bargain, is truly astonishing. The whole would positively make a good-sized pamphlet, and form a curious item in the collection of some future compiler of the “*Amenities of Literature*.”

It happens, moreover, that those persons who are displeased with our sentiments on any subject are often not content with discharging a storm of reproaches upon our devoted head, but conceive it to be their duty also instantly to cease to purchase the unlucky journal which has been so unfortunate as to contain the remarks objected to, and to denounce it right and left among their acquaintances as a pestilent thing, to be extirpated root and branch. We know, it is true, that very often those who undertake the chivalrous task of doing us all the harm in their power, sometimes are speedily mollified, and come round again to the belief that after all we—like the personage whose work we are supposed to have been doing—are not so black as they have painted us. But still it is an undeniable fact, that a custom prevails among many English Catholics of ceasing to read any Catholic journal or book which happens to take up the side on any given subject which is opposed to that which they themselves espouse. How unreasonable such a

system is, they will surely see on a little reflection. In Protestants it might be more consistent; because Protestants, maintaining that every man is his own Pope, naturally conceive themselves justified in each maintaining his own personal infallibility in all things. But in a Catholic, who believes that the Church alone is infallible, and that these matters, on which Catholics differ, are mere questions of opinion, in which any man may be right, and any man wrong, this tyranny is as unreasonable as it is pernicious. How pernicious it is, appears from its destructive influence upon every kind of Catholic literature. It is a suicidal act on the part of those who desire to see Catholics possess *some* books, and *some* periodicals of talent and energy. It tends to make it impossible to support any Catholic publication whatsoever; because those who agree in essentials cannot agree to differ in non-essentials with mutual forbearance and charity. Our numbers at the utmost are barely sufficient to make it possible to support Catholic journals of respectability; and this ungenerous spirit, which prompts us to denounce altogether a publication which expresses views on one or two subjects different from our own, damages the cause of religion to an extent far greater than those who act upon it have any conception of. If we are to do any thing at all in concert, we *must* agree to let every man give utterance to his own personal views, and not withdraw our countenance from him because those views are opposed to those we ourselves entertain.

But, the reader will exclaim, doubtless you are not without some considerable reward in the pecuniary way for all you do and endure. No one, he will say, would go on writing month after month unless his labours, however painful, were profitable. What will it be thought, then, when we state, that so far from having gained one farthing by all our toils, we have *lost* a very considerable sum? Notwithstanding all that has been done by a small number of kind and zealous friends, we are considerably out of pocket, and the only gainers are our readers, and the booksellers of whom they make their purchases. And this, although nearly every one of our many contributors has written purely for the love of the cause, and without the smallest remuneration. At the present time the returns of our journal barely pay for printing, paper, &c., without yielding a solitary guinea for the payment of editorial labour, or of all the various articles and reviews which from time to time we offer to the Catholic world. Such is the unvarnished fact; and

therefore we think we are not without justification in further requesting of such of our readers as value the existence of such a journal as the *Rambler*, that they would do their utmost to extend its circulation in every way that may be possible. It has at times been suggested to us that, as has been done with success by different Protestant publications, we should make a general appeal to our readers, and fix a day on which the *Rambler* would cease to exist, unless its friends came forward with immediate aid. We have never, however, done this; but we take this opportunity of laying the facts of the case before our well-wishers, and appealing both to their kindness and their justice thereupon. If there exists any man who can afford it, who would not think his money ill spent by sending us a cheque for 50*l.* or 100*l.*, or for any less sum, to be divided among the various contributors to our pages who have written gratuitously, we need not say that we believe he would be conferring an important benefit upon the cause of Catholic literature.

That our labours *have* been of advantage to many persons, we have frequently received very striking proofs. Not only have they many times contributed to the strengthening the faith of Catholics, to removing painful difficulties of long continuance, and to exercising a most happy power upon those who are plunged into infidelity or are still separated from our communion, but in the most important of all subjects on which we have ventured to touch, viz. purely theological topics, our essays have received very high commendations from authorities whose judgment is received almost as law throughout Catholic Christendom. Encouraged, enlivened—we had almost said inspired—by these gratifying results, we have continued our efforts until now, and shall continue them with undiminished zeal, knowing that the field that lies open to be tilled before us is so vast and so wonderfully fertile, that when cultured even by the least efficient husbandman it yields an abundant return, which is not the less precious to those who love God and man because it is so often unaccompanied with any gain of earthly riches.

At the same time, we have thought it our duty, on behalf of all persons who, like ourselves, are engaged in the ill-requited task of writing for their fellow-men, to state the case of Catholic authorship as we now have stated it, confident that an appeal to the good sense, gratitude, and generous feelings of our readers will not be made in vain.



## LITERATURE FOR THE CATHOLIC POOR.

SINCE our remarks on "Cheap Books" were written, a correspondence has been commenced in the pages of the *Tablet* on a kindred topic,—the establishment of a periodical for the Catholic poor. How cordially we sympathise with the writer who introduced the subject to public notice we need not say; and most heartily we wish him, and all who may support him, success in the work he has undertaken to promote. We think, however, that we may be doing some little service towards the cause he has at heart by calling attention to some of the peculiar difficulties which will stand in the way of its accomplishment; not in order to deter him from the attempt, but to point out some few of those conditions which we conceive to be absolutely essential to his success. Difficult as the work is generally judged to be, we suspect it is even more difficult than most persons suppose. In truth, it is only not an impossibility, because scarcely any thing in the world is an impossibility to determined, persevering, and capable men. Many of the obstacles which beset such a scheme result, however, from a want of a sufficiently extended view of their nature and origin; and therefore the suggestions of every fresh person who can bring to bear some little experience upon the question will not be wholly without value. We shall not, then, say another word respecting the deep interest we feel in the subject, but proceed at once to state what we imagine to be the chief difficulties to be mastered, in order to insure success to any such scheme.

The grand difficulty that strikes every one at the first blush is the *money* difficulty. Where shall we find a sufficiency of subscribers to pay the expenses of a penny weekly periodical of respectable and attractive appearance and sterling worth? It has been assumed that 3000 subscribers would suffice. *They would scarcely pay for printing and paper only.* A penny periodical, to compete with the cheap publications of the day, must contain eight pages of letterpress, printed on paper about the size of the *Rambler*, which has been found by the universal experience of managers of cheap periodicals to be the most convenient size for use. "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," the only cheap and at the same time useful periodical which has permanently succeeded, costs threehalfpence, and is of this size, while its type is very small, and consequently more costly. Three thousand copies of a penny journal such as we speak of could not be printed for—at the very lowest calculation—less than 7*l.* or 8*l.* The sale of the 3000, as they must necessarily pass through booksellers, who would require the

usual trade allowance, would not produce 8*l.* Nothing less than a sale of 5000 copies would support the journal; for we need scarcely say, that by no possibility could a periodical compete with the common publications of the day, which should be "*got up*" in such a style as the late penny *Catholic Instructor*, which was printed on such paper and with such ink, as to be absolutely unrivalled for badness in the whole list of contemporary publications. Yet the publisher states that he lost largely by that magazine, such as it was.

It must be remembered, further, that printing and paper is but one item in the cost of a periodical. Two important sources of expense remain behind. There is the cost of advertising, and the cost of authorship and editing. A very large outlay in advertisements is essential to the getting such a publication known, and much more to getting it bought. Literary enthusiasts fancy that they have nothing to do but to announce once or twice to the world that such and such a work will instantly appear, with such and such undeniable claims to support, and that, lo! purchasers will flock to the booksellers, purse in hand, in eager shoals. They imagine that because *they* are always on the look-out for new publications of all sorts, therefore all the rest of mankind are equally on the *qui vive*. Yet facts tell us that the difficulty of getting a new periodical known, and much more, noticed, and much more again, purchased, is literally astonishing. And if it is so with the Protestant world, far more is it the case with the Catholic body. The intellectual apathy of the majority of English Catholics, even of the better classes, is as amazing as it is humiliating. Men of rank, men of wealth, men of piety, men of zeal, will constantly do any thing rather than go a step out of their way, or contribute a single guinea, to the cause of education and intellectual advancement. Of course there are many illustrious exceptions to this rule; but the utter deadness of many a Catholic of station, riches, and of tolerable education, in all that regards the culture of the minds of others, would be, to those who have not hitherto had the means of ascertaining the state of the case, perfectly astonishing. Unquestionably the tide is turning. Already, especially during the last year or two, there has sprung up amongst us a wonderful and most encouraging movement towards the culture of all that is noblest in our intellectual nature. Amidst the Catholic youth more particularly, it is impossible not to perceive that hundreds of minds are now awake and alive, where until recently was perceived only a dead stagnation of thought, and an insensibility to the virtues of study and reflection.

But still, the difficulty of forcing an interest in any scheme for the intellectual culture of the poor is as yet almost overwhelming. And in the particular point to which we allude, viz. the machinery adopted for making a new journal known to those who *could* support it, it would necessitate an outlay of a very serious character.

Again, as to the authorship. As a general rule, contributions and editing must be paid for, or they would be worthless, and totally frustrate the success and influence of the undertaking. In the first place, the labour of conducting a Catholic weekly miscellany, at all worthy of its aim, would be such that it is morally certain that no competent person would undertake it without remuneration. Very few persons *are* competent to such a task. Very few have sufficiently studied the bearings of the question, to be able to edit such a journal with any certainty of doing much good. Very few combine both the faculty of writing well for the poor, with such a connexion with other competent writers as might ensure a perennial supply of contributions worth publishing. Nor, again, could he obtain such contributions without paying their authors. We are confident that he would find it utterly impossible. Doubtless he would, especially at first, be deluged with assistants. England, both Protestant and Catholic, swarms with persons, male and female, old and young, who burn to see their effusions in all the dignity of type. Every body, too, thinks he can write for the poor, whether or not he can write for the rich. An editor, therefore, would be overrun with tales, verses, moral reflections, anecdotes, small scientific fragments, and anti-protestant controversy, nine-tenths of which would be of use only to his housemaid to light his fires. Good and influential writing is not only very difficult to be got at all, but it scarcely ever happens that it can be had for any length of time without being paid for.

A mere hodge-podge of fiction, poetry, religious squabble, and religious twaddle, is, we know well, the very last thing which the promoter of the plan before us would advocate. He contemplates the only thing that would be worth having, viz. a journal which should seize hold of the mind of the poor man, by grasping all those momentous subjects which press upon him from every side, and should fortify him against the perils which threaten both his faith and his morals, not by playing upon his credulity, or treating him like a child, or stuffing him with trash, but by elevating his faculties, by putting him into a position to *see into* the terrible problems of the day, and by furnishing that healthy intellectual recreation, which is as attractive to a grown-up man as it is useful for a child. Nothing less than this will be of any real service to the Catholic poor, and nothing less than this will ultimately pay.

We may rest assured that the poor never will cordially take to the kind of publications which are too often found for them by their amiable well-wishers. They never will care for books which are written *down to them*. There are but two ways of interesting any class of readers, whether poor or rich; we must either give them really valuable information, and employ their faculties in genuine, earnest, practical *thought*, or we must amuse them, and work upon their *feelings*. All the popular Protestant periodicals which hold their heads above water do one of these things. They aim directly at the poor man's intelligence, treating him as a man, and not as a baby; as intellectually equal with their writers, though needing and demanding instruction and suggestions for thought; or they excite an interest by works of fiction, or stimulating stories, sometimes harmless, but often vile and hateful in the last degree. They never succeed by treating the poor as a race of beings of naturally inferior capacities, or by expecting them to feel an interest in writings from which the rich would turn away, as dull, pompous, or impertinently patronising.

When means, therefore, have been found for paying the printer's and paper-maker's bills, for advertising and for contributions, the one grand essential must be provided, in an editor of independent vigorous character, varied acquirements, clear insight into the affairs of the time, and some degree of theological knowledge. Unless the supposed periodical be placed in such hands, uncontrolled, nothing but disappointment can be the result. It may linger on for a while, and absorb all the funds gathered together for its support; but its only effect will be to dishearten still further all those who are earnestly desirous of seeing the cause of the poor man upheld.

Another important point must be alluded to, which will demand the anxious attention of all concerned in carrying out the scheme before us. It is this: that the Catholic poor are in a lower intellectual condition than the ordinary poor of this country. They hold the very lowest rank in the social scale; they are proportionately destitute of all real mental cultivation; and they are so much the more difficult to move with a healthy stimulus. The ordinary occupation of the poor Catholic is that of the bricklayer's labourer, or some other of those handicrafts which demand the least amount of skill, and are rewarded with the lowest wages. Of that enormous class commonly described as intelligent mechanics, a very small section are Catholics, though the Catholic religion is unquestionably in some places making converts from among them. If we had such men as these to deal with, the task of providing them with intellectual nourishment would be far easier. For though their coats are rough, and their hands



horny with toil, their brains are oftentimes far less bemuddled than those of their well-clothed superiors, and their minds are alive with an almost unhealthy life. They need books little differing from those which are read by what are by courtesy termed the educated classes; and we have known what might be thought perhaps the driest and most learned articles in our own pages perused with avidity by men of such a rank in the social scale. But when we turn to the usual class of the Catholic poor, the task of arousing them to any *interest* in mental cultivation seems well-nigh hopeless. We have nothing to begin with; nothing to work upon; no substratum of knowledge on which to raise our structure; no clear-headed reasoning faculty to which to appeal. They are far more open to what is evil than to what is good. Vicious tales, horrible histories, plausible theories, and coarsely jocose blasphemies, are not too high for their comprehension or too dull for their interest; while the refutation of these abominations requires a capacity for understanding and arguing, a refinement of taste, and a correctness of judgment, which, alas! we look for in vain in the vast body of our labouring Catholics. All this, indeed, furnishes so much the more powerful reason for our attempting their recovery from the depths to which they have fallen; but at the same time it shews the herculean character of the task, and the rare qualifications needed for its successful accomplishment.

A further consideration we cannot now touch upon, except so far as briefly to indicate its nature. Our poor have scarcely any purely *religious* literature. Our theological books, of various kinds, almost every one, require a measure of intellectual cultivation in the reader which our poor most certainly do not possess. The Protestant world teems with publications designed for their poor. Bad

enough they are, stupid enough, and in the Established Church unimportant enough; but yet they do exist, not in hundreds or thousands only, but in thousands of separate publications, and in millions and millions of copies. The books and tracts annually circulated by the Religious Tract Society alone are so gigantically numerous that, not having one of their latest reports at hand to refer to, we are afraid to state the numbers of copies which that fountain of heresy pours forth annually upon the poorer classes of this country. Yet *we* have nothing, or little better than nothing, for our poor. We expect them to read, understand, and enjoy the works which please ourselves, and then wonder that their knowledge of their religion and religious subjects is reduced to such a low degree. When good people write for the poor, for the most part they can never keep their pens free from controversy; as if the best gift in the world to a poor starving, sinning, and striving Catholic was a display of the absurdities of Lutheranism, or the unscriptural character of the Church of England! On this, however, we cannot now say more; but we trust that all who are interested in the condition of their poor fellow Catholics will bear in mind that such is our state, and that *we* must amend it, if it is to be amended at all. We can find our own literature, secular and sacred, if we choose; the poor man, whatever his yearnings and aspirations, can do nothing for himself; we alone can help him.

Perhaps before these rapid suggestions meet the eyes of those who are engaged in the plan on which we have been remarking, they may be far advanced in their undertaking; but whether or not, we trust they will accept them as a token of the sincere goodwill with which we wish them all the success they can desire.

## A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ACCUSATION.

London, August 1849.

MY DEAR — You know how often we have pitied the poor Londoners for their miserable Sundays. I dare say you remember one merry Sunday especially, which we spent at our good friend the professor's house at Dorfthal;—I mean the day when he invited four or five of his brother professors from Berlin to meet us; and what fun, and joking, and feasting, and dancing, and learned talk besides, we had. Particularly I just now recollect the face of a certain Madame Von Litzmann, who laughed

most charmingly at the dismal solemnities of these haughty English. How she did paint the Sundays she spent in this enormous metropolis; making grimaces after the pattern of the citizens at church, walking up and down the great avenue as she pretended they walk to their freezing worship, and then describing the dinner and the afternoon and the evening in a certain zealous family, where she was condemned to dine herself on one of these penitential days. Madame Von Litzmann protested that, for her part, she did not know what *ennui* was till she experienced the awful sensation of one of these lugubrious festivals, and declared she had rather sweep the streets in

her beloved Prussia than be banished for ever to this land of money and wretchedness.

Well ; I have passed *my* first Sunday in London ; and never was there a greater calumny than our witty friend's account of its *ennui*. What London Sundays might be to those who go through a course of fifty-two of them in a year, I know not. But so far from being eaten up with doleful dulness, I never passed so exciting and instructive a day in my whole life. Really, I seemed to live a whole twelvemonth in those few hours ; and now I look back upon it, I can hardly believe that all that passed in that brief time did actually happen to me. Of course it was chance which made this remarkable Sunday what it was, and I suppose I might grow grey-headed—(which in truth would not be a very slow process here)—without ever going through such another day. Indeed, I believe that this one four-and-twenty hours alone will almost supply me with materials for fulfilling my contract with Schmidt. Positively, I could write a short book, relating simply what befell me, without any of those profound reflections on all things known and unknown which spiteful foreigners say that we Germans so fondly delight in. So when you take this manuscript to our good friend's bookshop, be so good as to inform him that if my promised *English Experiences* extend no further than the events of this remarkable Sunday, he must not quarrel with me. He had better, however, publish what I write on this subject in such a form that it can be continued or not, as I may find leisure to go on with the work. Remind him also, if you please, that our agreement does not bind me to any precise *quantity* of manuscript.

I think you never saw my kind host T. when he was in Berlin last year. If you knew him, you would agree with me in thinking him just the sort of man to be *cicerone* to a person of my cosmopolitan tastes, through the wonders of London. He has neither bigotry, prejudice, superstition, nor stupidity, to stand in his way in enjoying himself. He loves curiosities in human nature of all sorts, domestic, social, and theological. He knows a vast deal of what these English people express by the word *life*, of all kinds. He looks on nature just as he finds it ; never troubles himself to blame or praise with unphilosophical enthusiasm, but regards all he sees as so many interesting phenomena. In short, for an Englishman, and saving the poetry, he is a species of Goethe, at least in philosophy. And so he just suits me ; and so much the more, because as far as I can yet make out, his is not a common character among his countrymen.

When my first Sunday came, I experienced the value of his qualifications, for he was ready to take me every where, wherever any thing was to be seen or learnt. He cares not a fig for the old-world superstitions that split this people

into a thousand sects ; and as the theatres are not open here on Sundays, and there are no public balls or entertainments, he has managed to hunt out places where amusement is to be had for the seeking, where I guess that mighty few of his *respectable* friends suspect he is ever to be found. Oh, that laughable word "*respectable* !" T. (who besides his other qualifications reads the Bible now and then, and thinks it a very curious book) says that there's a certain text where English people ought to read "*respectability*" instead of "*charity*," which would make it stand, "*Respectability covereth a multitude of sins.*" And so I believe with all my heart, after my single Sunday's experience. You know I am not easily staggered or horrified, but after the respectability I have here seen *without*, and the scenes I have seen and heard of *within*, I literally am astounded that a people like the English can get on at all as a nation. It's well for them, I verily think, that they have a good many of what they call pious people, of various sorts, among them ; for if it was not for some such invisible power, giving life and coherence to the rotten mass in which they live, I am convinced that the whole fabric would tumble to pieces about their heads before the world was half-a-dozen years older.

However, you see I am falling into the old sin of the "*Fatherland*," and philosophising when I should be telling my story. T. proposed that we should pass the morning in St. James's, and the evening in St. Giles's ; meaning thereby, among gentlefolks in the morning, and among their inferiors in the evening. So it was arranged that we should visit three different churches of different sects. I confess I rather trembled at the prospect, but T. declared they were all curiosities in their way and excellent types of their class. Besides, how could I fulfil my engagement with Schmidt, to describe all the most important things in England, if I never heard any sermons ? So putting a volume of Georges Sand into my pocket, in case the discourses of the worthy divines became absolutely unendurable, I sallied forth under T.'s guidance to the morning service at a fashionable chapel, where T. said the minister made it his boast to "*preach the gospel*." I was puzzled, indeed, at the boast, for I thought all Christians made the same profession ; but English religion is too deep for me, and T. did not seem much wiser than I was ; so we started without more explanation immediately after breakfast, in order to have time for a walk through some of the scenes peculiar to London on a Sunday morning.

T.'s house is situated in one of a solemn and oppressive-looking multitude of streets near Russell Square ; and I must confess that when I emerged from the comfortable breakfast-room where we had refreshed ourselves with a meal more like a dinner than an eight-o'clock German breakfast, and found myself threading



those formal rows of dark brick houses, I felt the *prose* of life more painfully than ever in all my former existence. A sort of death-like torpor reigned around, broken only by the appearance of some ghost-like ragged wretch, with a bundle of Sunday newspapers under his arm, wet from the press, who ever and anon knocked at one of these dreadfully respectable-looking tenements, and left one of his gazettes.

"Newspapers!" cried I, in surprise, when I first ascertained the nature of these wanderers' occupations. "Why I thought newspapers were forbidden things in England on what it is the fashion here to call the Sabbath? But I suppose the Sunday papers must be a kind of religious magazine, containing accounts of the services at the different churches, with pious reflections on the vanity of the world, and other like moral topics."

At this observation of mine, T. burst into a loud laugh, and promised to buy two or three specimens of the chief Sunday papers for my instruction at the first newsman's shop we came so. I was about to ask for an explanation of his hilarity, when, as we turned round a corner, my eyes lighted upon one of the most showy-looking buildings I had yet seen in all London, its doors swarming with a dense crowd of human beings like the mouth of a beehive. The front of the house was decorated with splendid ornaments in stone, or stucco, not in the best taste indeed, but plainly exceedingly costly; and the whole of the ground floor, which was as high as two floors of ordinary dwellings, was divided into two or three immense windows, glazed with enormous pieces of plate glass, and decorated with Corinthian columns and pilasters covered with gilding. Gas-lights were burning inside this apartment, into which streamed the torrent of men and women who first caught my eyes from the contrast they presented to the silent gloom that reigned every where around.

"What on earth is that?" I exclaimed to my companion. And as I spoke, I caught glimpses of two other similar buildings, apparently quite as splendid, and surrounded by equally numerous crowds, in other parts of the same street.

"That is a gin-palace," said T.

"A gin-palace!" I echoed. "Why those are the most hideous-looking wretches I ever beheld, pouring in and out at the doors. Do you really mean to say that this is a London Sunday, and those are your working classes, and that is a place built for those filthy creatures to drink in? And there is actually a man looking like a gentleman in the midst of them. And what in the world have we here?" I continued, as a fair and decent-looking young woman dashed past me and my companion, and running up to a youth who was entering with the rest of the crowd, flung herself upon him, and then almost went down upon her knees on the earth, in a posture of earnest

supplication. The pair instantly enchained my attention, and we hastened up to the spot where they stood. The young man was good-looking and decently dressed, and as far as a first glance could shew, was a person of no mean intellect, though his manner was not that of one of the more educated classes. But it was the expression upon his countenance that riveted my gaze, and, I know not why, aroused my sympathy for him in his sorrows. A melancholy, at once despairing and irritable, brooded in his eyes. He was not haggard, though he did not look well in health; but the lines which age would not yet have drawn upon his cheeks were imprinted by some deep-seated anxiety and passion; and as the girl who clung about him spoke to him in passionate accents of entreaty, his lips quivered for a while in the vain effort to restrain his emotions, till at last the tears burst from his eyes and he sobbed aloud.

No one but myself and my friend seemed to notice this strange sight. The gin-drinkers moved in and out of their splendid palace, looking like beasts as they entered, and like devils as they came out; but none spoke to the young man and woman, except that one or two uttered a sneer in some slang words that I could not understand.

"William—my dear, dear William," cried the girl, when she saw the youth's agitation, "look at me—look at me. Pray don't turn away, or push me from you. I am not come to reproach you, indeed I'm not. God above knows I'm only too miserable myself to say a word to hurt you. Do look at me a moment, and say you will not desert me, and that you're not going into that horrible place to find comfort, instead of coming to me. Speak to me, William; only one word, for my heart is breaking."

"It's of no use, Bessy," the young man replied; "all is lost, and for ever. You had better forget me, and let me go my own ways;—why do you still stick to a man of blasted character like me?"

"No, no, no!" cried the girl in an agony of excitement. "It's not so indeed. You know it's not so really. It's only one little fault, and your master can't be so hard as to do what he said he would."

"You don't know him, Bessy, or you would expect nothing from him but revenge. I tell you I'm a lost man; ruined, blackened, gone for ever; and the sooner you forget me the better for you and all that belong to you."

"Never, William," rejoined she. "Whatever you may do, or wherever you may go, I will never forget you; and I will never leave you either, unless you drive me from you, and hate me as much as you used to love me."

"Used to love you!" cried the young man, with a bitter smile. "I love you still with all my soul, miserable as it is; and though I——"

Here the girl caught sight of T. and myself

standing by and listening intently to what was passing between herself and her lover; and immediately seeing that we did not belong to the frequenters of the gin-palace, a deep blush overspread her pale features, and she clung again closely to the object of her anxieties, and we could only just hear what he said, as she entreated him, in a half-whisper, not to expose her to the shame of having their griefs known and stared at by strange men. Singularly enough, the impression which all her former prayers could not make on her companion was produced at once by his jealous regard for her appearance before others. He glanced angrily at T. and myself, hastily brushed the tears from his countenance, and seizing Bessy's arm thrust it under his own and led her hurriedly away.

"We must follow that girl," said I to T., as they moved off.

"Nonsense," said he; "you'll never find where they're going to. Depend upon it the girl's a bad one, and the man's no better."

"Follow her I will," said I, "at any rate. I'll pledge my word for the girl. If ever I saw a true and honest face, she has one; so you shall not balk me in my little bit of romance with your island coldness and prudence. So come along, my good fellow," I exclaimed, as I dragged the unwilling T. in the direction which the girl and her lover were pursuing.

We followed them for one or two streets, when the girl turned, and seeing us behind them, said something to her friend which made him look round, and then they quickened their pace. We kept up with them for another street's length, when they again espied us, and I saw the youth's face flush with vexation. They walked forward faster than before; but Bessy stumbling against a log of wood lying on the pathway, almost fell, and the delay enabled us to come so near them that the young man turned round, and, coming up to us, said, in a tone which betokened anger as well as an effort to be respectful,

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but may I ask why you are following me and this young person here?"

"Pardon me, my friend," I replied; "I am a stranger in London, and I saw what passed between you just now, and—and—and—"

"Well, sir!" interrupted he impatiently, as I hesitated, and hardly knew what to say; "and is that any reason for your dogging our steps in this way? We are honest people, though we are in trouble."

"That is the very reason," said I, "why I wished to follow you. I assure you, on my word, that I am what I say. I am a stranger from Germany, and this is almost the first day I have been here, and I felt so very sorry for you and your good friend that—that—" and I again stammered and could say no more.

"That you wanted to know what was the

meaning of it all. Is that what you want, sir?" said the youth, taking up my words.

"Well, really, perhaps it was. I don't know that I meant much more. Only it did strike me, certainly, that perhaps I might be of some service to you, as, from what you say, your own countrymen have all turned against you."

While this passed, I saw plainly that the girl shrunk in fear from us, and was solicitous to end the conversation; while my good friend T. looked at me very much as if I was an egregious fool, who deserved to get into trouble for my meddling in such an affair. The young man, however, touched with my evident sincerity and interest in his affairs, seemed disposed to make friends with me, and after whispering a few words with Bessy, he turned to me and said:

"If you will be so good, sir, as to walk to this young person's lodgings, I will tell you how I am situated; for really I have not a friend in the world to help me in my troubles."

As it wanted still some time before the service was to commence at the church to which we were going, I easily persuaded my friend to go with me, as the young man proposed, and we walked together to Bessy's lodgings, and in five minutes were seated in a tidy little parlour. The words, "Elizabeth Burton, Dressmaker," on a brass plate on the door, announced the full name and the occupation of the poor girl; and the apartment into which she ushered us was her show-room, where caps and bonnets, and other articles of ladies' dress, were piled together on a side-table, being evidently taken out of the window, where they figured on week-days. There was nothing betokening poverty or great difficulties in the room or its furniture. All was simple and neat; and neither the dress of Bessy herself, nor of William, led me to suppose that they were in any straits in money matters.

As to William himself, the moment I and my friend were seated, he threw himself into a chair, with a heart-broken look, and sighed heavily. Then, as if relieved, he began:

"I have not much to tell you, gentlemen, now you are come. My story is short enough; and I dare say you will wonder that I make so much of my misfortunes. But if you were in my place, you would not wonder; but it's hard for gentlefolks to understand our difficulties, and they think that a poor man can get himself out of his troubles as easily as he can get into them. But all this is neither here nor there. I've neither father nor mother alive, nor any kin that I know of that will care for me. I've been in service ever since I was a boy, and gone from one place to another with a good character, till I was fool enough to do what has now been my ruin. If I had no good friends, I had no bad ones. I knew nobody but this young person, who is almost as friendless as myself; and it was agreed between us that as soon as I could save a little sum from



my wages, we should marry, and keep some sort of shop.

"Well, to come to the end at once, in my last place I was footman to one Sir Stephen Wilkinson. Sir Stephen and his lady are uncommon people for being always out with their carriage; and I used to have to wait hours, and hours upon hours, for them: now at Sir Stephen's club, now at my Lady's concert or ball; sometimes in the day-time, sometimes in the night-time, till one, two, or three o'clock in the morning; and what to do with myself for all those hours I never could tell. Worst of all were the Sundays, when my lady went to church. They were not the worst times as for length, for they didn't last above two hours, or less; but for a young man that wants to keep honest and sober, they were worse than all the rest."

"Why so?" I exclaimed, interrupting him. "Could not you go into church with your mistress?"

"Lord bless you, sir; were you never in one of these London fashionable churches and chapels? But I forgot; you're a foreigner, sir, and don't understand our ways in this country. Why there's not room for one out of a hundred for all the poor in these places of worship. They're all for the rich; and though there be now and then a man-servant that goes with his mistress into the church, there's not places for one out of twenty that's obliged either to wait outside with the carriage, or to go home and lounge about till it's time to be back again for the people's coming out.

"But as I was telling you, sir, it's on Sundays that there's more devilry and wickedness goes on amongst the footmen and others than on all the other days of the week. And then one's quite idle on Sundays, and has no work to do to fill up the time; so that many's the man that never drinks nor swears, nor what's a great deal worse than either drinking or swearing, at other times, that comes regularly to it on Sundays, as regular as his master and his mistress go to their places of worship.

"And then, you see, I couldn't come and see Bessy here, and spend my time quiet, talking with her, while she finished up all the bits of dressmaking that wasn't done on Saturday night, and must be sent home on Monday morning, because there wasn't time to come so far and go back again; for my lady was terribly sharp, and wouldn't bear us to be half a minute behindhand with the carriage, the very moment the preacher had done his sermon. And so, what could I do? I'm not of any particular religion; I wasn't brought up to any. Besides, if I was, I couldn't follow it here in London, with such masters and mistresses as I have always had. And so, to make matters short, I could do nothing else but go where all the rest of the men-servants went; and there, I can tell you, sir, are doings that

would frighten the gentlefolks out of their senses if they knew of them. The business is gambling; the amusement is drinking gin, and reading books, and singing songs, that's enough to bring a curse on every body that comes near them. Talk of their masters' and mistresses' religion! Why, there's hardly one of all the set of men-servants that I met at these private meetings that wasn't a regular right-down disbeliever in God, and heaven, and hell, and Jesus Christ, and the Bible, and all the rest of it. When I first went among them, my heart went right-down sick when I heard the awful things they used to say, and the songs they used to sing; and then they come, looking as smart as my lady herself, to carry their mistresses' books, and see them into their carriages, and go home to tell the maids in the kitchen all the stories they had heard while the gentlefolks were listening to their sermons and saying their prayers.

"I couldn't help going to these places myself, because it was so mortal dull any where else. Besides, they all laughed at me, and swore at me for being nice; and I found there was a thousand little ways in which they could torment me, so long as I was what they called a saint, and didn't go to their infernal meetings; though, God help me, it's little of a saint that ever I was since I was born. And so, you see, at last, how could I help now and then taking a hand at cards? Sometimes I had good luck, sometimes I hadn't. But one Sunday, about three weeks ago, I drank a little too much, and got flushed, and played higher than on other days, and before I got up I lost every farthing I had in the world. I had put into my pocket that morning all my savings, which were very nearly all that Bessy and I wanted to marry on; and Bessy had given me all she had saved too, and I was going to put it out next day in the savings-bank, when that cursed drink stole away my senses, and I lost every farthing, both of Bessy's and of my own.

"You may guess I wasn't in the best of humours for the rest of that day, and a hard matter I had to keep my tongue quiet when my lady and Sir Stephen worried the life out of me by an eternal ringing of the bells, and scolding me for every little thing that the other servants had done wrong. And so tormented I was, that I lost all my appetite, and could hardly eat a morsel at dinner, or at supper either. In the evening the carriage was wanted again, to go out to dinner; and I had to go with Sir Stephen and my lady, and come again for them late at night. As my ill luck would have it, my lady, when she got out at the house where they went to dine, left her purse in the carriage, and I never saw it till they were gone in-doors; so, to make sure of the purse's being safe, I put it in my pocket, intending to give it her when I came back at night to fetch them; and as I was miserable and unhappy in

my mind, I went to a public-house that I knew very well, to spend an hour or two, and join a little society of footmen that held their meetings there every Sunday night.

"We hadn't sat together above a quarter of an hour when the cards were brought out; but of course, as I had not a farthing left in the world, I said I could not play.

"Come, Bill, that won't do," said one of the footmen there; "do you really mean to say you haven't a shilling left? Regularly cleaned out, eh? Not one single sixpence left to cheat with?"

"Pon my honour," said I, "there's neither gold nor silver, nor yet copper, left in my pockets, except my lady's purse, which the old lady left in the carriage behind her this very night."

"And you put it quite by accident into your pocket, eh, good, solemn Bill? That's a good story to tell us, isn't it now?"

"At any other time I should have been almost furious with any body that doubted my honesty in this way. But that night I was so mad with my fate, and, though I hadn't drunk much, yet, as I had eaten scarcely any thing all day, what I did drink got into my head, and I hardly knew what I said or did. So when this scoundrel of a fellow began with his sneers, instead of putting up my pride, and making me more honest than ever, I began to get more wild and careless about all that happened. And then, when another of the villains just bade me play *honestly* with a few shillings of my lady's money, and as I was sure to win (as he said) return it when the game was over, I was fool enough to take his advice, and I pulled out the purse, and took out two half-crowns, and began to bet on the game. I need not say much more, sir. You'll guess what followed. I didn't lose all the money that was in the purse, though at one time I was near gambling it away to the last sixpence. But when I was forced to go away, and the party broke up, there was just one sovereign gone, and what was I to do? To say the truth, I didn't much care, for I was ruined already,—at least I thought I was; for now that I *am* ruined, I see clear enough that the loss of money when it was my own, and even when it was Bessy's here, wasn't the sort of ruin that this is that's now come on me. So when my lady says to me at night,—'William,' says she, 'I left my purse in the carriage when I got out, I hope you took care of it;' 'My lady,' says I, 'I found your ladyship's purse, and here it is; but—but—'

"But what?" cries her ladyship, quite sharp and cross already.

"I hope your ladyship and Sir Stephen will forgive me," says I, "but I made bold to borrow a sovereign to pay a debt I owed, and I hope you won't be offended if I ask your ladyship to lend it me till my next wages is due."

"At this Sir Stephen, who was standing by, went into the most terrible passion; and

"You scoundrel," cries he, "what do you mean by stealing Lady Wilkinson's money? Leave this house instantly," he went on, stamping with his foot when I stood still and declared that I meant nothing dishonest, but should have paid the money honestly again, as I only borrowed it.

"What, you vagabond," shouted he, "do you dare to talk about borrowing money to me? Is this the way you rascally footmen talk to your masters? Say another word, sir, and I'll have you up to the police-office to be committed for the theft."

"Again I protested that I meant to pay the money honestly, and confessed humbly that I knew I did wrong in taking the money at all, though I was not a thief, and never intended to steal it.

"It's a falsehood, sir, it's an insolent falsehood," shouted Sir Stephen. "Leave this house instantly, or I'll have the police called, and you shall pass the night in the lock-up house."

"In vain I implored him and her ladyship to listen to me. Sir Stephen would not hear a word, though my lady would have let me off, I believe, if he would. The end of it was, that I was turned out that very night, and Sir Stephen told me positively that I need never come near him for a character, for he would make a point of telling my crime, as he called it, to every body that came to him. He flung on the table the money that was due to me for wages, taking out the sovereign I had got from the purse, and drove me out of the room, and in half an hour I was gone."

"But," interrupted I, "why could you not get another situation, or at any rate some other employment of some sort or other?"

"I've tried every where and every thing," rejoined William. "Sir Stephen kept his word, and he never will relent. Two or three gentlemen promised to take me if my character turned out good, but Sir Stephen told them the story about the purse, and made it a great deal blacker than it really was. And every trade and business is so full of hands, that though I've run all over London for something to do, I've not earned a sixpence since that miserable night. This very day I have just one shilling left, and I was going to drown the day's cares with a few glasses of gin, when Bessy followed me and stopped me as you saw her.

"Oh, sir, it's for her, indeed, as much as myself, that I'm grieving. She is lost too by it. I gambled away her money as well as my own; and I gambled away her heart with it; and yet the poor soul never speaks a reproach, but only cries a little when day after day I come back and tell her that I can get no work, and my character's blasted for ever. As God above is in heaven, sir, every word I've told you is



true, and nothing but the truth. There are those that can testify to it; for there were people at the public-house, besides the men that were playing at cards, that saw all that passed; and there's my lady herself, who, I do believe, would tell you or any other gentleman that all was just what I've said."

"But if it is so," said I, "and it's only one fault, how is it that no one will take you as a servant?"

"Ay, sir, there's the terrible hardship. It's the *one* fault that damns a servant for all his life long. There are masters that will overlook all sorts of things in their men and maid servants, but they'll never overlook one single theft, and that's what Sir Stephen says I'm really guilty of. I know in my own heart that I'm not guilty of it; but, Lord bless you, sir, how am I to convince the gentlemen that want to hire me that Sir Stephen's telling a falsehood, or has made a mistake? *They* won't go to the public-house, and rout out all the story about a parcel of low-lived black-guard footmen. What do they care for *me*? I'm a stranger to them; and if Sir Stephen says I took a sovereign out of my lady's purse, and I can't deny that I did, how am I to shew that though I did what I'd no right to do, yet I never intended to steal the money? They would all say, of course, that I only gave the purse back again to my lady at all because she asked for it."

At this moment a sharp short knock was heard at the door; so sharp and short, indeed, that it startled us all, and Bessy ran to see who was the unexpected visitor. Voices, not the most amicable in tone, were then heard in the passage; and a moment or two afterwards two men entered the room, followed by Bessy, now more pale and trembling than ever.

"We wish to speak to William Harman," said one of them, bluntly and roughly, as they both of them surveyed us with keen and unfriendly eyes.

"My name is William Harman," answered the young man, whose surname we had not till then heard.

"Then you stand charged with felony by Sir Stephen Wilkinson," rejoined the other, "and you'll be good enough to come along with us immediately. And, harkye, my man, don't say a word, or you'll criminate yourself."

William started from his seat with a look of despair and wild indignation, and cried, "I am innocent as the new-born babe. The sovereign would have been returned as honestly as ever debt was paid."

"The sovereign, young man!" exclaimed the other; "it's not a sovereign you're charged with stealing. Look here at this warrant; do you see what you're accused of? Breaking open Sir Stephen's cabinet, and carrying off all these bank-notes. See here, my fine fellow, there's the numbers of them all. If you've

really done it, there's nothing less than a voyage across the seas, and board and lodging for life at her Majesty's expense for you, I guess. But now just take my advice, and don't say a word."

"I swear"—began the young man, in accents of awful energy.

"Don't swear at all, I say, you fool!" interrupted the police-officer. "It's no use telling me you are innocent; and if you let out one word against yourself, I shall have to swear it against you at your trial. Come along at once, and don't be keeping us all day waiting. Come, cheer up, young woman," he continued, turning to poor Bessy, who had sunk down into a chair, almost fainting, and too agitated even to weep. "If your sweetheart has done the thing, why there's many a greater rogue has got off when his trial came."

"Sir," I here exclaimed myself, "I can almost vouch for this young man's innocence. I have heard his story, and I am confident that, whatever may be his faults, he has not been guilty of this crime."

"And pray, sir, who are you?" retorted the man.

"I am a stranger in London," said I.

"So I thought," rejoined he, not suffering me to proceed with my explanation. "Nobody but a stranger would meddle with a man when he's taken for felony."

"Well, well, Simons," his companion here broke in, "not quite so fast. If this gentleman knows any thing about this Harman, he can come and give his evidence before the police-magistrate. There's no harm in that."

T. and I and the two men then briefly discussed what we had heard pass between William and Bessy; and as the policemen both agreed that it was perfectly useless for us to go to the magistrate with no better story than this, as it could not possibly prevent Harman from being remanded, and finally committed for trial, very reluctantly I was persuaded by T. to abstain from accompanying the miserable man to the police-office. It seemed likely, however, that our evidence might stand the accused in good stead when he was actually tried; so I resolved to cause myself to be summoned as a witness on behalf of the accused whenever his trial should come on. A female neighbour happening also just then to come in, who undertook to remain with poor Bessy, T. and I left the house at the same time that Harman was marched off by his captors. I took care to ascertain how I might communicate with the unfortunate young man in the course of a day or two; for I was determined not to lose sight of him, so convinced was I of his perfect innocence.

## CHAPTER II.

THE SERMON. THE BARONET. THE PARK.

WE hastened on without further delay to De-

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vonshire Chapel, which was to be our morning's destination. I examined minutely its exterior and interior appearance, but found little to reward my pains. Outwardly the building was not very unlike a common dwelling-house. Inside it was odd enough, to be sure; and I thought that if this was the chosen abode of aristocratic English piety, the nobles and gentry of the land certainly practised self-denial in spiritual things, whatever they might do in temporals. The building was nearly square, and painted all over a cold drab-colour. It was lighted with a row of skylights in the roof, through which was visible so much of the azure of the heavens as the metropolitan smoke would permit. Round three sides of the edifice ran deep galleries, which, like the floor of the building, were parcelled off into square or oblong boxes or pews, with locked doors, and many comfortable cushions within. At one end was a communion-table, over which were painted the Ten Commandments in certain unintelligible letters, which I was told were Saxon, or Gothic, I forget which; and in front of this table was an immense erection, rising full two-thirds of the whole height of the chapel, consisting of three desks, or pulpits, the uppermost of which was reached by a very long flight of stairs, elegantly carpeted. There were no pictures or images, as in the Popish churches with us in Germany; nor any crucifix, as in our Lutheran churches. The only thing in the shape of an image, or a work of art, was a large wooden model of the Queen's arms, with a gilt lion and unicorn supporting them.

When we got there the service had begun; but my friend T. asked a woman, who seemed to be in some sort of office, to put us into the pew of a certain Mrs. Valentine, who, it seemed, was an acquaintance of his, and into Mrs. Valentine's box we were accordingly ushered. Mrs. Valentine gave me a book of the prayers, seeing I was a stranger; but I could not make much of them; though they seemed excellent enough for those who are interested in such subjects. The congregation consisted mostly of ladies, very handsomely dressed; but nobody uttered a word while the prayers were going on except a large band of school-children, who kept up a sort of alternate responses with the minister, as they do in a great many of the Catholic churches with us, only here none but the children spoke. There was some singing, which was dreadful.

At last the sermon began, and I was on the point of feeling for the novel I had in my pocket, as I had already yawned five or six times, and expected something terribly somniferous from the worthy preacher. However, to my surprise, I found no difficulty whatever in listening to his discourse throughout. And certainly this must have been from its intrinsic goodness, for such a *manner* I never witnessed in all my whole life. Never did I be-

hold aught so cold, or stiff, or monotonous, as that great, tall, solemn-looking man's utterance of the sublime things he said. There was something quite grand and imposing in such a marvellous apparent insensibility to the words that came from his lips, and I dare say from his heart too. As to what he said, strangely enough, it was wonderfully suitable to the scenes I had just witnessed. He told his audience some truths which, I fancy, were rather new to them; declaring that the whole fabric of English society was breaking up, with Socialism, Communism, unbelief, and the severance of the ties between rich and poor. He protested that almost all the labouring classes were unbelievers; and attacked his own Church for doing so little to break in upon the frightful mass of sin and misery that was gathered up rotting all around them. Mrs. Valentine, I saw plainly, was very far from relishing what she heard; and as soon as all was over, and we got fairly outside the church, T. introduced me to her as a visitor from Berlin, and we entered into conversation on the subject of the sermon.

"How did you like Mr. Mackie's sermon, Mr. Herder?" said she, with an affable smile.

"Really, madam," I replied, "I was more pleased than I expected to be."

"Indeed!" cried the lady in astonishment; "I am sorry to say that was not my case. Mr. Mackie is not our regular minister, and I fear is any thing but a pious man."

"How so, madam?" I inquired, sorely puzzled to know how the good lady had found out that the worthy preacher was a worthless person. "How comes he to be permitted to preach in your respectable communion if he is not a man of virtue?"

"Oh," said she, "I have no doubt he is a man of virtue, but he does not preach the gospel; he is a sad legalist, I fear, in doctrine."

"I beg your pardon, madam," said I; "I did not quite catch what you said. In general, I am quite at home in speaking your admirable language, but now and then I fail to understand an idiom or so."

"Mr. Mackie is, I fear, a legalist," responded Mrs. Valentine, politely.

"A *what*?" said I, still in the dark.

"A legalist," repeated she, with emphasis, and uttering the word slowly.

"A legalist?" I replied. "What, may I ask, is that? I thought none but regular ministers were allowed to preach in the Established Church of England, and that no man of the law, whether attorney or barrister, could ever deliver a sermon in your pulpits."

"I fear, sir," said Mrs. Valentine, "you are not accustomed to the preaching of the gospel in Germany. I presume you are a member of the Protestant Church there?"

"Why, as to that, madam, I certainly am a Lutheran if I am any thing; or rather, I be-



long to our new Evangelical Prussian Church. As to my own creed, it is not a dogmatic one. I love all revelations of the divine, whether in books or in nature. I worship the godlike wherever I find it, whether in myself or in my friends, in poems, in art, in Moses or Paul, in the Koran, the Hindoo Vedas, in Plato, in Confucius, or wherever the beautiful and the glorious has manifested itself to humanity in general."

Never shall I forget the look of this amiable lady as I thus unaffectedly described my simple philosophy and religious creed. She opened her eyes and her mouth as far as politeness would permit, and gazed at me as if I had been a hyæna or the famous sea-serpent.

"Sir," she said at length, solemnly, "I thought all German Protestants were followers of the immortal Luther."

"So they are, madam," I rejoined, "at least, many of them are; but we follow the great emancipators of the human mind in spirit rather than in form. We are men of science and philosophy in religion as well as in all other subjects. We delight in the progress of the intelligence of man; and while we value the Bible as a document of high antiquity, we accept the eternal truths which are hidden in its pages in preference to those mythical representations in which the Hebrew bards embodied their sublime conceptions."

"But do not your ministers preach the atonement, and the other great doctrines which Luther made known to the world?"

"Oh, undoubtedly," I replied; "we hold that there is a deep moral significance in the notions of sacrifice which were once believed among Jews, Pagans, and Christians alike. But as to dogmas on this or any other subject, we reject them as fetters upon the freedom of the divine intelligence of man, or rather as pleasing fables, admirably adapted to the physical and metaphysical ideas of past ages, but wholly unsuited to the superior knowledge of modern times."

Mrs. Valentine was now evidently confounded in her turn, and remained silent; when a young man, her son, who walked by his mother's side, took up the conversation, and said, modestly enough, I must admit:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask how you would distinguish between the human and the divine? I think you spoke of the *divine* intelligence of *man*. I confess I do not see how you draw the distinction between the divinity and the humanity, when using such a form of speech."

To tell you the truth, my dear —, this question of the young Valentine somewhat confused me; but I made the best answer I could, which was nevertheless so unsatisfactory to myself, as well as to him, that I need not repeat it. As, however, the youth seemed more intelligent than his excellent mamma, I

turned off the subject by inquiring what were *his* opinions of the sermon we had heard.

"I fear my mother will hardly be pleased," said he, with an amiable smile, "but I confess I thought Mr. Mackie uttered some most important truths to us this morning. It was only the other day that I met a striking illustration of what he said, at the house of a friend of ours. Sir Stephen Wilkinson had a manservant—"

"Sir Stephen Wilkinson!" I cried, somewhat rudely interrupting him; "why, that's Harman's master's name, T., is it not?"

"You seem to know the very case I allude to," said Valentine. "May I ask how you came to be acquainted with it?"

"Perhaps," said I, "you had better finish what you were going to say, and then I will tell you my story also."

"Well," replied he, "I was going to say, that our friend Sir Stephen had a young footman whom he always believed to be of irreproachable honesty, and who at last turned out a thorough scamp, corrupted, as I verily believe, by some of those low and vicious associations that Mr. Mackie spoke about this morning."

"My dear George," here exclaimed the lady, "how do you know that? I'm sure I never heard Sir Stephen say one word about that part of the story. I don't believe a syllable about it."

"Pardon me, my dear mother," replied he, "I have had the information from the very best of sources."

"And I can assure you, madam," I interposed, "that by a singular circumstance I have become acquainted with this very young man, and that I have the strongest conviction that he is perfectly innocent."

I then went on to relate what had passed in the course of the morning, and had the satisfaction of finding that the young Valentine fully shared my feelings, even to disbelieving the last and more serious charge that was now brought against the unfortunate Harman. It was finally agreed between us, that T. and I should go to the Valentines' house to take luncheon (which is a kind of half dinner with these English people), and afterwards that I should be introduced by Valentine to Sir Stephen, in the hope that he would listen to what we had to say in behalf of his unhappy servant.

I found that Mrs. Valentine and her son lived together in a splendid house in a noble square, which was planted in the middle with forest-trees and shrubs, and adorned with a statue of some king or statesman, clothed in a costume compounded of the dressing-gown and the Roman military garb; but who or what the said statue represented, neither the amiable lady nor her more intellectual son could inform me. The latter, I should add, informed me that he felt ashamed of his ignorance;

"but," said he, "these London statues are such absurdities, that one may hope to be pardoned for knowing less of the decorations of one's own metropolis than of Paris or Rome. Our citizens go upon the system of shooting down a statue of any body who happens to be the hero or king of the day, wherever there is a vacant spot made by the pulling down of old houses; and whether or not the hero thus immortalised in marble or bronze has anything on earth to do with the locality where he is for the future to preside, our sapient countrymen neither know nor care. To tell you the truth, the chief use of London statues is to create patronage, flatter the great, and give occasion for a good dinner, and for a few jokes in the newspapers. As for meaning, sense, or sentiment, they have none."

The luncheon, as I said, was a capital dinner, even for a German. I can't tell you how many dishes I ate of, and how long we spent gossiping over the table. At last Valentine jumped up, and said we must start instantly if we hoped to find Sir Stephen at home; and in a short time we were at the baronet's door, and in another half minute were ushered into his presence. We saw in a moment that the whole house was in turmoil and confusion; a maid-servant rushed by us as we passed along the hall, sobbing and weeping; and voices in angry altercation struck our ears. We found Sir Stephen in his dining-room, a large, splendid apartment, furnished with little intention of being devoted to the purpose for which it was now employed. The carpet was like velvet, and glowed with brilliant colours; the walls were hung with the richest paper, and decked with some half-dozen antique-looking pictures; massive and polished chairs, and a still more massive and polished sideboard, almost filled the sides of the room; and a ponderous gilded lamp hung from the highly ornamented ceiling.

For some reason or other, the supposed culprit, Harman, was being subjected to a fresh examination, in the house where he was charged with the crime, instead of the usual public office designed for such objects. He sat on a long narrow bench, between two police officers, and was undergoing a rude and haughty questioning from Sir Stephen himself. The baronet sat at the table, with pens, ink, and paper before him, and two or three men and women servants stood near. He rose at our entrance, and received us politely, and then briefly telling us how he was occupied, requested us, unless it was disagreeable, to be seated, while he continued what he called a painful duty, which could not be postponed.

"And so you still persist in asserting that you had not the slightest knowledge of my cabinets having been opened and rifled," said he to the accused party.

"Sir Stephen," replied Harman, firmly and

solemnly, "I have said so again and again, and as I hope for mercy for my sins, I now say it again once more."

"You are a consummate hypocrite as well as villain," retorted the baronet, his face reddening with passion. "Listen, gentlemen, I beg you," he continued, turning to us; "listen to the facts of the case, and then give me your opinion whether this is not one of the clearest-proved instances of robbery you ever heard. You must know that in my dressing-room upstairs is a certain mahogany cabinet, in which I sometimes keep a considerable sum of money. I do not, however, very often go to it, as I keep a little loose cash elsewhere. Now it so happens that for some weeks past I have not opened the cabinet at all, until last night, when, the moment it was opened, I found it all in disorder, and seventy-five pounds worth of bank-notes gone. For a few moments I was thoroughly confounded; but as soon as I recovered my thoughts I called together the whole household, men and women, and told them that one of them *must* be the thief. Of course they all stoutly denied it, which the scoundrels would have done, I dare say, even if they had all been guilty, which I afterwards found they were not. I then insisted instantly upon searching the boxes and bedrooms of every person in the house, and I suffered not one single person to leave my sight for an instant, or to touch a single thing, while Lady Wilkinson and I went on with the search. You will please to remark this, because otherwise you might fancy that one of these servants might have had a hand in what followed. As it was, they stood altogether in a row before us, while each one handed his or her keys to me, and we turned every one of their possessions inside out. Still more, we made them shew all the contents of the pockets they had on, and the insides of their shoes, their hats, caps, and bonnets, for I was confident that the thief must have hidden the bank notes somewhere about his person, as no signs of them any where appeared. At last I began to despair, when, behind one of the men's bedsteads, there was turned out, before my eyes, an old waistcoat, which I at once searched, though not, in truth, expecting any thing from it. But will you believe me, that in one of the pockets I found a paper which I had myself locked up in the cabinet where the notes were, and which, on looking for it in its place, I found missing. In the other pocket was a key, which I instantly saw corresponded exactly to the cabinet-key which belonged to myself. 'Whose waistcoat is this?' I then asked the servants, who you may suppose looked thunder-struck. Two or three instantly replied, 'It belongs to William Harman, who went away some weeks ago.' 'Come, come, my fine fellows,' said I, 'that will hardly do. William Harman is gone, and it won't do for you to get off by laying the blame on him. Tell me



instantly which of you owns this waistcoat, or by Heaven I'll call in the police and give you every one in charge for the robbery.' Still they all persisted that it was Harman's, and belonged to no one else; and just as I was getting beyond all patience, Lady Wilkinson, who was examining the waistcoat carefully, happening to tear off a patch in the back of it, found the name of William Harman written at full length on the lining. This certainly, you will allow, was pretty strong proof. But it was too late to do more that night, and so I waited till this morning, when the villain was apprehended and examined before a magistrate, and he has now been brought here because he says he can call witnesses from the other servants to shew his honesty; and Mr. Wildbore, the police-magistrate, being engaged, has let him stay here in charge of these two men. He admits that the waistcoat is his, and, what is more, he admits that the key is his, but he swears stoutly that he is as innocent as a babe, and that how the theft was committed he cannot conceive. He declares that he lost the waistcoat several weeks ago, where or how he cannot tell; and also he says that the key itself is an old key that belongs to nothing particular, and that therefore not being in the habit of using it, he does not know whether he lost it at the same time as the waistcoat or at some other time. I need not shew you, gentlemen, that seldom was there a stronger case, and that the scoundrel shall be transported, as sure as I live here this day."

T. here suggested to the angry baronet that in his humble judgment there would be scarcely enough to convict the accused, however much ground there might be for committing him for trial. If, indeed, Sir Stephen could bring evidence to shew Harman's general bad character, and could prove that he had become possessed of more money than could honestly belong to him, the case *might* be different; but otherwise he, for his part, feared the evidence was rather slight.

"Good heavens, sir!" retorted the amazed Sir Stephen, when T. had finished his mild suggestions, "do you mean to justify the scoundrel? What more proof would you have? Does he not himself own to the waistcoat and the key also?"

"But, Sir Stephen," replied T., "with all deference——"

"Confound it, sir," exclaimed the other, "are our houses never to be safe from pillage by our own servants? Do you mean to uphold principles of confiscation, chartism, socialism, and all the other curses of these unhappy times?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Stephen," rejoined T. with perfect coolness; "you are aware that justice must be done to all parties."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" cried the baronet, waxing more wrathful every moment. "Am I a thief myself, that you talk of

justice being done to that scoundrel there? Sir, allow me to tell you that you are taking great liberties with a stranger. May I ask what right you have to lecture me in my own house?"

"Sir Stephen," here broke in the young Valentine, "I am sure my good friend T. was as far as possible from meaning any thing rude; but he and his friend here have been by chance witness to the private affairs of this unfortunate man this very morning, and they can perhaps throw a little light on the affair."

"Eh? what?" cried Sir Stephen, "pray let me hear what you know, gentlemen, without any more delay. I shall be greatly obliged by your evidence, to enable me to convict the villain that has robbed me."

"I fear, Sir Stephen," said I, taking up the story, as T. seemed in no good humour with the insolent baronet, "that our evidence rather tends to exculpate this unhappy young man." And then, in spite of Sir Stephen's ill-concealed impatience and spleen, I resolutely repeated what I have already told you about Harman and Bessy.

"And so, gentlemen," asked the baronet, with a sneer, when I had ended, "you have done me the honour to call upon me to give me this very valuable information respecting the loss of my property. I am infinitely obliged by your kindness; but I must be permitted to ask why you are so deeply interested in favour of a notorious thief."

"That is the very question, Sir Stephen," I rejoined, determined that the overbearing man of rank should not thus distort the facts of the case, and assume that the victim of his vengeance was guilty, in order to throw discredit on our testimony. "We want to find out whether he is a thief or not. You will pardon my suggesting that this is not yet *proved*."

"And pray, sir," cried he, now losing all decency of manner, "who are you, that you come to take me to task in this insolent way? Let me tell you, that whatever you may do in your own country, this is not the system we tolerate in England."

What I might have replied, or even done, at this outrageous insult, I cannot say; for as I was endeavouring to stifle the passion that boiled up within me, the door of the room was thrown open, and in rushed Bessy Burton, followed by a servant who vainly endeavoured to hold her back, and began loudly apologising to his master, as he saw the fury that gathered on his countenance at the intrusion of the young woman.

"She would come in, Sir Stephen, I assure you, sir. I tried all I could to prevent her, but she says she shall die if she cannot speak with you about Harman."

"Hear me, sir, hear me!" cried the poor girl, throwing herself at the baronet's feet, and

speaking almost frantically with her grief. "He is innocent, I know he is innocent."

To our surprise, the haughty Sir Stephen heard Bessy's appeal more patiently than we had expected; and seemingly struck with her pleasing and almost graceful appearance, desired her kindly to stand up, and tell her story quietly. Unhappily for herself and the object of her solicitude, she had hardly spoke two sentences before she said what served to strengthen the evidence against him to a serious extent. With all the thoughtlessness of unconsciousness of guilt, she strove to persuade Sir Stephen that William was innocent, on the ground that he had himself a long time ago told her that he had a key which would open his master's cabinet, and said that he was rather sorry for it, because it might be a temptation to him to pry into his master's secrets.

"Oh! Bessy, Bessy!" cried Harman in tones of anguish, when he heard what she said, "you are ruining me without hope."

Not comprehending why he thus spoke, but seeing that she had done something that would injure him, the terrified girl turned to her lover, and would have spoken to him, when Sir Stephen, with a malicious smile, recalled her attention, and bade her listen to him.

"And so William said that he meant never to rob his master, though he knew he could do it whenever he liked?"

"Yes, Sir Stephen," said Bessy, innocently. "He always told me every thing that happened, and said you kept a deal of money sometimes in the house, and that he would not tell his fellow-servants about the key, for fear they should take advantage of it."

The black looks of the servants who stood by now shewed that this unfortunate speech of Bessy's had made them enemies to Harman at once.

"And did he never talk about what he would do if he was a rich man, and had some of his master's spare cash?" asked the baronet, with wily gentleness.

"Oh, yes, sir, sometimes he did; and he said some day perhaps he should get rich by some lucky chance, and we should be married without waiting any longer."

Again hatefully smiling, Sir Stephen proceeded to help the poor girl to blacken her lover's name.

"And did he never shew you any bank-notes, and say how he should like to have more of them?"

"Why, no, sir, never that I recollect, except once; and that was just after he had left your service. He had a five-pound note then; generally all his money was in gold."

William here groaned aloud, and the butler, who had seemed peculiarly savage at what Bessy had related respecting William's opinion of his fellow-servants, supplied a fact which told terribly against the accused.

"And now I remember, Sir Stephen," said he, "the very afternoon William Harman went away, he said he had lost all his savings in play, and had not a shilling left."

"Thank you, Gorman," replied the well-pleased Sir Stephen. "Be so good as to mention the hour of the day when William Harman said this to you."

"It was just after the servants' dinner was over, Sir Stephen," replied Gorman.

"And were there any others of the house present when he said this?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Stephen; there was cook and one or two more."

"At that time, you repeat, he said that he had no money in his possession."

"Yes, Sir Stephen."

"And the wages that I paid him when I dismissed him amounted to just two sovereigns," continued the baronet, with a self-satisfied calmness, most detestable to be seen. "What do you say to this, William Harman? Where did you get the five-pound note that you shewed the next day to this young woman? I think *we* can tell that now. It came from my cabinet, and was taken during the short time that you were allowed to go upstairs to pack your boxes, and while I was remaining, not suspecting your villany, in the drawing-room."

"It is false, Sir Stephen," cried Harman, "as false as the other charge you brought against me, and I can prove it. That five-pound note was given to me by Whiston the pawnbroker, for a watch I sold him that very night for three pounds, and I gave him the two sovereigns of my wages at the same time, and he gave me a five-pound note, because he said he wanted change, and wished I would oblige him. Let any one go to Whiston, and ask him, and you will see every word I have said is true."

"Whiston the pawnbroker died yesterday morning," said the butler.

William groaned again, and Bessy burst into tears.

"A very pretty story, indeed," observed Sir Stephen. "Highly probable, truly. But I fear, my fine fellow, you will have some difficulty to persuade a jury that you got the note honestly, now that your friend the pawnbroker is dead."

"Perhaps," suggested Valentine, "you can tell Sir Stephen what has become of the five-pound note, and he can say whether or not it was one of those he lost. He has the numbers of them all, I believe."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Bessy, hearing this, "I know what became of the note very well. I changed it myself for William, a day or two afterwards, at the baker's, and I dare say he has got the note still, for he's a very close man, and uncommonly careful of his money."

Sir Stephen, who was as certain that Harman was guilty as we were that he was not so, readily acceded to Bessy's proposition; and it was agreed that she should go, in com-



pany with one of the servants, to the baker in question, and get him to inform them what was the number of the note she had given him on the day stated. As this, however, was an affair that would take some time, T., Valentine, and myself, thought it incumbent on us to depart, and so, making various apologies to Sir Stephen, we requested leave to call again in the evening and learn the issue, and then left the house. So much of the afternoon had been already consumed, that we were obliged to give up the idea of visiting the afternoon church service which T. had proposed, and we all three walked direct to Hyde Park, which I had heard was one of the few scenes of gaiety afforded by London on Sundays.

If the sale of the Sunday newspapers, and the story I had heard from William Harman, had afforded me matter of astonishment, as contrasted with the general notion we foreigners entertain of English scrupulosity, I can assure you, my dear —, that the scene in Hyde Park put to flight for ever all ideas I ever nourished on the nature of a Sunday in London. Talk of our doings in Berlin and Vienna, or of the pleasure-hunting in Paris! It is a mere bagatelle to the doings of the magnificent Britons. I saw more carriages and horses, and gaily-dressed idlers on this one day, than I verily believe I had seen in the whole course of my previous life. The spectacle is absolutely unrivalled. There were literally miles of equipages, equestrians, and pedestrians; and I really think that millions of pounds would be needed to purchase the vehicles and horses, and brilliant dresses and liveries, which flaunted in the breeze. Where they all came from, where the stables were situated, where the owners resided, and who were all that multitude of walkers who thronged the foot-paths close to the carriages, and wandered in little armies over the dry and scanty herbage of the park, my poor continental brain was hopelessly puzzled to divine. Thinks I to myself, If this is the way the English practise what they preach about Sabbath-breaking, and these are their special Lord's-day devotions, why, after all, there's not much difference between their doings and our fiddling and dancing, and open pleasure-gardens, and bands of music at home in the beloved fatherland. But ah! it was a dismal business after all. They were a solemn, careworn-looking band of pleasure-seekers rather than pleasure-finders. I would rather, a hundred times, stroll along the walks of one of our German gardens, with a cigar and two or three agreeable friends, while a good band of wind-instruments played Strauss's last new waltzes, or the music from the *Prophète*, than share the laborious joys of this superb race, with all their riches and all their respectability.

After we had surveyed for a time the brilliant spectacle, and my companions had pointed out to me a few of the notabilities in rank,

politics, and fashion, who were taking the air in the motley crowd, we sat down on a bench, and I proceeded to question T. and Valentine on one or two points which suggested themselves to my thoughts.

"Now tell me," said I, "how do all these gay and great folks spend the early part of their Sundays? I have seen your interminable streets and squares of palaces, and those splendid club-houses, which are one of the great features of your city; and I suppose a good portion of all this multitude of riders and walkers live in them, and in the comfortable suburbs of London, which you tell me surround it on every side. Now what do all these people do with themselves during their Sunday mornings? I suppose they are up betimes at their various churches—say at seven or eight o'clock at the latest—and that with the immense wealth of your Church Establishment all Londoners have means for going to some religious service two or three times before this hour in the afternoon."

"Truly the mistakes of foreigners are most amusing," replied T. to my very natural supposition. "Why, my good fellow, of all the men you see riding and walking in this crowd there's not one in half-a-dozen, or perhaps one in twelve or twenty, that goes near a church once a month, except when they are in the country, where they think it necessary to set a good example, and there's nothing else to do. A good many of the women go to church, I verily believe; but as for the men, did you not see that five-sixths of the people at church this morning were women?"

"To be sure," I rejoined; "but I supposed that was because the men had been at earlier services in the course of the morning."

"Bravo! bravo! excellent!" cried T., greatly amused at my simplicity.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "what is the meaning of all I read about religious duties and national piety in the reports of your Parliament, and other public meetings, if it is only the women who go to church, and most of the men stay at home and amuse themselves?"

"That's not my affair," said T., with a shrug. "I don't talk about national piety, believe me; and in private life five-sixths of the men you meet never say a syllable about any thing of the kind."

Greatly perplexed, I continued my queries.

"But your poor, and your shopkeepers," said I, "they all frequent their respective places of worship, of course."

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," replied T. "If any thing, they are rather worse than their betters. I can't tell what it is out of London; but in London I am convinced that a large majority never go into a church or chapel of any kind whatsoever, especially the poor. Some do, to be sure, both Church-people and Dissenters; but more do not."

"You astound me!" I exclaimed; "and especially the poor, you say. And is this the fact in all your various denominations?"

"Pretty much the same with all," said he. "Our London churches and chapels are almost entirely filled with people of the respectable classes, and most of those are women. I have been at churches in the afternoon where not one of ten people present was a man."

"And the Catholics? are they no better than the rest?"

"Why I can't speak so confidently about the Catholics," replied T.; "but I was told by a great authority among them, that the number of their poor who never go to Mass is, what he called, quite awful."

"Then what in the world do you all do with yourselves on Sundays? You have no public amusements, except this in the Parks; and this won't do when it rains: what, then, do you do with yourselves?"

"That's more than I can explain," replied he; "but perhaps Valentine can enlighten us. These things are more in his way than mine. I know the worst part of life, and he knows the best."

"Indeed," interposed Valentine, "I wish I could satisfy your curiosity. But I frankly own I am confounded when I try to divine what our immense population does with itself on Sundays. I suspect that our friend T. can really let you into our hidden secrets a vast

deal better than I can. I remember he once told me a story about himself that certainly opened my eyes a little, and suggested a good deal more than it actually stated."

"What story do you mean?" asked T. in surprise.

"Don't you remember the story about your first lodgings in town, and what you found took place on Sundays in that strange den you discovered in such a marvellous way?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed T.; "that was a pretty business, truly."

"By all means let me hear it," I replied. "Beyond measure I love any thing like a bit of romance."

"If you will promise not to think me a most unconscionable villain for my share in the transaction, I don't mind repeating the story," said T.: "for certainly it *was* a curious one; and though not exactly what happens to every body, I do honestly believe was a pretty fair picture of a good deal that lies hidden in this mysterious city of ours. Only the story is rather long, if I am to tell it you as I told it to Valentine."

"Never mind," said I; "it will just do to fill up the time before we return."

"Well, then," replied T., "let us move off from this bustle, and get under the shade of those immense elms, and you shall hear my tale."

(To be continued.)

## CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL MINISTRATIONS.

### THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

In our last number, under the head of "Catholic Parochial Ministrations," we assigned reasons for the great importance which is attached in the Catholic Church to the visitation of the sick, whether on the part of the clergy ministering, or of the suffering objects of their ministrations. We wrote, as was obvious, for the information not of Catholic readers, who would learn but little from our remarks, but of friends and inquirers outside the Church, and this with an especial object. It is our misfortune, though an unavoidable one, that Protestants see nothing of our holy religion but the very outside of it; while with that interior beauty, in which the true glory of the Church consists, they have no experimental acquaintance, and indeed but a very secondary interest in regard to it. Hence we are compelled to hear even from good men, that the Catholic is a religion of show and splendour, constructed with the view of pleasing the eye and captivating the imagination! So respectable an Anglican as the author of

the *Cathedral*, &c. talks somewhere, if our memory do not fail us, of the "flaunting" gait of "Rome;" just as if gorgeous vestments, long processions, and magnificent ceremonies, belonged to the essence of the Catholic Church, or were even so much as inseparable accidents of her being. Oh, that such shallow critics could be plunged for one day into the deep calm of a spiritual retreat; that they could follow the priest into the houses of wretchedness or vice where his ministry of comfort or instruction so often leads him; or that they might be witnesses to those night-watches of the adorable Sacrament which in many religious houses form part of the customary routine of devotions! In truth, the ministry of the Church, like that of her Lord, is mostly out of sight of men; nor can it be shame to her that she is hidden even from nearest eyes, when He made Himself of no account, and established for Himself no name but that of the "carpenter's Son," even in the very town which



for almost thirty years was illustrated and blessed by his adorable Presence!

Protestants have to learn that even our ministrations of worship must often be made subordinate to those of charity; as our blessed Lord thrice interrupted his prayer in the garden, to concern Himself about his forlorn disciples. The administration of sacraments to the dying, for instance, is with us so paramount a duty, that to provide for it a priest must even break off from the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Much more, then, will all accessory but unessential ceremonies give way to the necessary duties of charity. It is within the recollection of many, that during the former visitation of the cholera in 1832, the services in some of the London chapels were reduced to a simple Low Mass, in order that the priests might be ready any moment to attend the sick and dying. And so far from splendid ceremonies being any essential part of our religion, it is well known that there are many retired missions, and many religious houses, where they are necessarily and altogether foregone; and that in distant lands, and even in England till a comparatively recent period, holy Catholics, and for aught we know, blessed Saints, have earned their immortal crown without ever assisting at a "great function" in all their long lives.

There is no duty which Catholics feel more imperative upon them than that of benefiting by the ministrations of the Church in their last illness. If there be any cause of regret and blame in this matter, it is not so much because this duty is likely to be neglected, as because it is apt to be put in the place of other duties equally stringent, but felt to be less pressing. It is to be feared that ignorant Catholics sometimes attach exaggerated notions to the mere *fact* of seeing their priest in their last moments, as though nothing could be amiss if that single blessing were accorded them. It is also to be feared that too many who should know better are led to neglect the sacraments during their lives, in the expectation of making their peace with the Church on their deathbeds. We believe we are correct in saying that the experience of all priests tells forcibly against the (ordinary) value of what are called "deathbed repentances," and especially in proportion as the hope of them has apparently been made the ground of presumptuous reliance during life. Stories are afloat, and accredited by the most indisputable testimony, of persons judicially (as it would appear) debarred when dying from the benefit of sacraments which they had despised during life; as there are, contrariwise, others equally incontrovertible, of pious Catholics providentially assisted on their deathbed towards sacraments which they had long but ineffectually desired. On the one hand, we may allude to the well-known case of a nobleman who lived

for years in open neglect of all religious duties, and who at last died without the sacraments, because the eyes of the messenger who went to summon the priest to his bedside were miraculously "holden," so that they failed to see the priest whom they sought, although actually seated in the very room where the search was made. On the other hand, we may mention a fact which occurred in London a few years back, when a priest, walking along the streets at night, fell by accident down the steps of an open cellar, in which, to his amazement, he found a dying Catholic crying out for the sacraments, but without a human hope of receiving them. And there are probably few priests whose experience would not enable them to attest many facts of the same description.

But even when no extraordinary obstacle stands in the way of the communication between the priest and the obdurate sinner on his deathbed, how hard must it always be to elicit under such circumstances those acts of sorrow which are necessary to the sacrament of Penance! how hard for the dying man even to remember, how still harder to repent of, sins, many and inveterate, to give the mind collectedly to God in the midst of excruciating pain, and under the pressure of overpowering weakness! Of all the errors into which a spurious charity or fatal presumption is apt to fall, none, spiritual men tell us, is more serious than that of taking the reception of the Last Sacraments (unparalleled blessing though it be) as a kind of pledge of salvation. For even were the dispositions with which they are received invariably adequate where they are frequently insufficient, there still remains the critical issue of that last struggle of all, in which even the newly-rescued soul (as St. Alphonsus tells us) has often made shipwreck.

It were, then, much to be wished, that, among our Irish friends especially, there always existed as eager a desire of the sacraments during life, as is undoubtedly manifested by them at the approach of death. Then would there be fewer instances of those hurried and tumultuary repentances (if repentances they can be called) in which the mortal sins of thirty or forty years have to be recalled in less than as many seconds, and under circumstances the most unfavourable whether to a calm review or a contrite estimate of the past.

But, in truth, the anxiety for sacerdotal ministrations with the poorer Irish is quite as apt to be premature in illness as it is sometimes tardy in health. The first symptom of any malady is apt to be the note of alarm not merely to the person threatened with it, but to friends and neighbours; and with a laudable, though often a misplaced solicitude, the priest and the "doctor" are summoned forth-

with. Now, the fall of evening and the early night being the period of all others when the friends and neighbours of the sick are most disengaged, and therefore most ready to be employed on these missions of benevolence, this, accordingly, is the time at which "sick-calls" commonly pour in with the greatest profusion, and sometimes with a needless precipitancy. For if we may credit the testimony of the best informed, the Irish have an unlucky trick of exaggerating, on such occasions, the necessity for the intervention of the Church. Whether it be, as their enemies say, from a national habit of inaccuracy and embellishment, or whether, poor things, they are generally bad judges of the probabilities of dangerous illness, we will not attempt to decide; certain, however, it is, that there is no expression of eagerness so vehement, and no picture of misery so vivid, that they will not employ or draw it, to gain an end for which the Englishman who despises them would deem it a piece of superstition to raise his little finger or rise from his easy chair. Like the very calamities which they herald, these zealous emissaries rarely come single, and the good priest, if near at hand, is warned of his fate by many voices at once, each outstripping the other in liveliness of statement and earnestness of appeal. (Let the reader bear in mind that we are here supposing not a real but an imaginary grief.) It is, then, a sore perplexity to priests, that they cannot always judge of the necessity for their intervention by the manner in which this imaginative people are apt to represent it. For instance, such exciting phrases as, "Your reverence will only be just in time if you run for it;" or, "They are gone to fetch the friends to the bedside of the dying," *may* (though we are far from saying that it *does*) mean no more than that Patrick O'Leary or Mary Mahony is ill of the rheumatism. While upon this subject, we may mention an anecdote to illustrate at once the *naïveté* of our Irish friends, and the trials of patience to which good priests are exposed. The Rev. Mr. —, who has, or had, the misfortune of sleeping in a room towards the street, was one night waked up by a voice, of which we will only say, that it was strong enough to arouse a laborious missionary from his first slumber. On presenting himself at the window, the priest descried by the gaslight a hard-featured Irishman, with an imploring look, who thus addressed him: "Your reverence! your reverence! it was 'the wife' who was ill, and wanted to call you up; but I come to tell your reverence I would not let her."

We are not quite sure that the zeal manifested by the Irish for the sight of a priest during illness is in all cases strictly according to sound knowledge. Some part of it undoubtedly proceeds from a notion (the cor-

rectness of which we leave theologians to determine) that the priest, *as such*, is endowed with the power of healing diseases. They appear to consider that miraculous virtue depends not upon the personal sanctity, but upon the office, of Christ's minister. The gift of healing actually imparted to the Apostles, they believe to descend with the apostolic commission. An opinion so pious and so widely spread, we would be far from treating otherwise than with consideration and respect; nor would we rashly set limits to the power of faith, whether in the supposed possessors, or in the objects of it. On the other hand, it is quite certain that in an Irishman's judgment a priest can do every thing; as, for instance, they appear to think that he is gifted with a supernatural power of discerning the physical condition of the patient. The clergy are sometimes reminded in their ministrations of the passage in the comedy where the friend is mistaken for the doctor, and, on quitting the house, is surrounded by a troop of eager relatives, each besetting him with the question, "How's your patient?" And he will be half tempted to reply in the words of the play, "My dear friends, if I am a doctor, I have to thank you for my diploma." For thus it is, that on leaving the house of the sick, the priest is accosted by many voices at once, "What does your reverence think of him?" The Protestant doctor would have little reason to be flattered if he could hear the contrasts which are sometimes drawn between his powers of penetration and those of the meek follower of the Apostles, whom he often eyes with so much of malicious scorn. For these zealous people will hear no disclaimers of power, however unlimited, from the object of their veneration. They meet all with the answer, "Your reverence is the best doctor after all." And no doubt, so far as the success of the physician depends upon the faith of the patient, they are not without the means of verifying their own commendations.

Yet even here again their confidence, however exaggerated, is not wholly without a warrant in fact. It is undeniable that priests, over and above any medical skill which they may accidentally (and, in truth, not unfrequently) possess, are often better judges even than medical men themselves of the phenomena of dangerous sickness: we know of an eminent physician having once said to a Catholic priest, "You gentlemen have a wonderful knack of foreseeing the approach of death." There are, of course, reasons why a priest should make this part of the medical art his study; and even otherwise, he will acquire from habit a kind of instinct on the subject. He is bound under sin as well not to give the Last Sacraments except where reasonably satisfied of mortal danger, as not to withhold them where such danger exists



in a manifest, though it may be but an incipient, form. Again,—the proximity of death suggests farther and especial duties appropriate to this stage of illness, such as the Benediction *in articulo mortis*, and the assistance to the soul in its agony. The priest, too, should be well versed in the phenomena of death itself, in order that he may neither defraud an actually living member of the Church of such sacraments as may be applicable to the case, nor, on the other hand, expose the sacraments themselves to the irre-

verence of being given to a clearly incapable subject. The latter danger can always be obviated in a doubtful case by the conditional form of administration; but since even a condition does not secure against irreverence in an *unequivocal* case, and ignorance which can be overcome does not furnish an excuse for error, the priest will adopt all reasonable means of acquainting himself with the signs of dissolution.

[To be continued.]

## CHURCH FESTIVALS.

### ALL SAINTS.

IN the arrangement of her liturgical year the Church commemorates the several epochs of the history of man.

The four weeks of Advent, which terminate in the birth of the Redeemer, recall to our memory the 4000 years which man passed in expectation of the Messiah, who was to enlighten, sanctify, and vivify them. The period intervening between the Nativity and Pentecost comprises the hidden, the public, and the glorious life of our Saviour; we contemplate its hidden portion from the Epiphany till Lent, during which penitential season the public acts of our Saviour are set forth, terminating in the memorial of his Passion and death; and from Easter till the Ascension his glorious life and the foundation of the Church, together with the institution of the sacraments,—the tokens by which all succeeding generations were to be assured of his having recreated them after their fall. After the Ascension Pentecost is celebrated, and the Holy Comforter sent from on high to solace men in their bereavement, and strengthen them in the pilgrimage upon earth, which is represented by the interval between this festival and All Saints, when we celebrate her arrival at the Land of Promise, in the persons of those saints who have run their race and received their reward.

During this journey through a vale of tears, the Church consoles her little ones by celebrating, praising, and holding up for imitation the heroic acts of virtue of her elder children. The gospels of this time are instructions on love and patience towards one another; and the charitable miracles and parables of mercy are recorded during this long sojournment in the desert.

From the first, indeed, the Church has honoured such of her children as died for the faith as soon as persecution demanded so magnanimous a profession of their belief, but she

did not institute any general festival on which they all were commemorated, leaving their honour to the safe keeping and devotion of those who had witnessed the combat and victory of those heroes. Tertullian, in his book *De Corona Militis*, c. 3, testifies to this: "Oblationes pro defunctis, pro natalitiis annua die facimus:" pro *natalitiis*, in commemoration of the martyrs, on the days on which they died to the world and were born to heaven. It cannot mean *for* the martyrs, as is proved from other passages of the same author in his work on the soul. Before citing these latter, however, we must premise that Tertullian held the millennarian doctrine, the recollection of this fact being necessary for their interpretation. In chap. 3, "On the lower regions," we read, "Habes et regionem inferum subterraneam credere, et illos cubito pelleri, qui satis superbe non putant animas fidelium inferis dignas:" "You must likewise believe in a subterraneous region of the dead, and keep aloof from those who are so proud as to think the souls of the faithful too noble for the lower regions." In continuation, he states that the only mode of entering heaven immediately after death is by martyrdom. "Si pro Deo occumbas, non in mollibus febribus et in lectulis, sed in martyriis: si crucem tuam tollas et sequaris Dominum ut ipse præcepit, tota paradisi clavis tuus sanguis est:" "If for God's sake thou wouldst die, let it not be in an effeminate fever, and on thy couch, but in martyrdom, if you wish to take up your cross and follow the Lord as He commandeth, for your blood is the only key of heaven." The souls of others he assigned to limbo, there to be punished or rewarded as they merited. This is also borne out in his book *De Carnis Resurrectione*, c. 33: "Nemo enim peregrinatus a corpore statim immoratur penes Dominum, nisi ex martyrii prærogativa, scilicet paradiso non inferis diversurus:" "For no one departing from the body straightway rests in the Lord, unless, indeed, by the spe-

cial privilege of martyrdom, he proceeds to paradise rather than the realms below."

These passages prove that Masses were offered not *for* the martyrs, but in memory of their martyrdom; because Tertullian could not consider those in need of prayers who were the only class of persons whom he deemed worthy of instantaneous admission into paradise after death.

St. Cyprian also, in his letters, lays down the same practice of commemorating martyrs. Although a disciple of Tertullian, whom he read daily, he differed from his *master*, as he called Tertullian's works, in his notions on the state of the departed. But he very oddly falls into the same verbal error as Tertullian, in saying that sacrifice was offered *for* the martyrs, although, in the preceding sentence, he expresses his belief that they are in glory. "*Palmas a Domino et coronas illustri passione meruerunt. Sacrificia pro eis, ut meministis, offerimus, quoties martyrum passiones et dies anniversaria commemoratione celebramus:*" "By their glorious sufferings they have merited palms and crowns from the Lord. On their account, as you are aware, we always offer sacrifices, as often as we celebrate, with annual commemoration, the sufferings of the martyrs, and the days on which they departed." He cannot mean by *pro eis*, to relieve their souls, because in another place, Epist. 37, or lib. 3, epist. 6, requesting the clergy to be attentive to the confessors in prison, he tells them: "*Dies eorum quibus excedunt annotare, ut commemorationes eorum inter memoriam martyrum celebrari possimus . . . . ac significet (v. Tertullus) mihi dies quibus in carcere beati fratres nostri ad immortalitatem gloriosæ mortis exitu transeunt, et celebrentur hic a nobis oblationes et sacrificia ob commemorationes eorum:*" "Take note of the days on which they depart from this life, in order that we may be enabled to commemorate them when we celebrate the memory of the martyrs . . . and let him (Tertullus) acquaint me with the days on which our happy brethren expire in prison, and pass to their immortality by a glorious death, so that we may here make oblations, and offer sacrifice in memory of them."

This veneration of martyrs continued to be chiefly local and particular until the seventh century, when a festival was instituted in honour of the whole white-robed army. Prior to this period festivals were celebrated in honour of the saints collectively between Easter and Pentecost. The 1st of May was dedicated to the twelve Apostles, and another day of the same month to all the martyrs.

The origin of this veneration of all the martyrs in a body took the place of a relic of idolatry; and it would seem that Providence had reserved the embodiment of Paganism, the Pantheon, to be afterwards used in the

honour of its conquerors; and that they should occupy the places of those gods whom they had hurled from their pedestals with a word.

This magnificent and wondrous structure was built by Marcus Agrippa, thrice consul under Augustus, in memory of that emperor's victory at Actium, and was dedicated to all the gods under the title of Jove the Avenger,—*Jovi Ultori*. It was built in a spherical form to represent the heavens, the habitation of the gods; and also to prevent jealousy among them, this form preventing all precedence. The Christian emperors were compelled to destroy the Pagan temples, to prevent relapses into idolatry; and all the most wonderful and celebrated buildings of this nature were levelled to the ground, this only excepted, to stand as a trophy of the triumph of God over Satan, of Christianity over idolatry. The same principle was carried out after the introduction of Christianity into this country, at the command of St. Gregory the Great. But when the danger of returning to Paganism had passed, Boniface IV., on his elevation to the Papacy, obtained from Phocas the emperor a grant of the Pantheon, which he dedicated as a church, under the title of Our Lady and all the Martyrs, on the 13th of May, 609, and ordered the anniversary of this dedication to be celebrated with great solemnity. This was in imitation of Gregory the Great, who, when idolatry was expelled from England, ordered that the Pagan temples should be purified and consecrated to God rather than destroyed. Boniface enriched the Pantheon with relics of martyrs from the cemeteries outside the city.

Such was the beginning of the Feast of All Saints. The feast of all martyrs soon included the honour of all the saints in heaven. In 731 a chapel was erected in St. Peter's on the Vatican by Gregory III., in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors—in other words, of all the saints in heaven. This feast, like that of Our Lady of Martyrs, was first confined to Rome, but soon met with general favour and acceptance throughout the Church, and was celebrated in all parts of the Christian world. Its observance having become universal, Gregory IV., in the year 835, constituted it a feast of obligation for the whole Church of France, where he then was, to be celebrated on November 1st. Louis le Débonnaire, the reigning monarch, confirmed this decree as far as it needed civil authority, and enforced its commands.

We shall now, before proceeding with the history of the Feast of All Saints, examine how, and at what period, confessors were honoured in the Church.

It has been already stated that Tertullian, in accordance with the millennarian idea, denied that the just who died a natural death were



permitted to enter heaven. St. Cyprian's testimony proves that the contrary opinion was held. In lib. iii. Epist. 1, or Epist. 58, to Pope Lucius, on his return from exile, we read: "Neque enim in tribus pueris minor fuit martyrii dignitas, quia morte frustrata, de camino ignis incolumes exierunt:" "For neither was the dignity of martyrdom lessened in the three youths, because, having foiled death, they came forth unharmed from the fiery furnace." Another passage to the same effect occurs in the next sentence.

The martyrdom of penance was considered the "key of heaven," no less than that of blood. And thus we find that St. Antony ordered his body to be interred immediately after his death, fearing that the disciples who so venerated him, and the people who had so eagerly sought his counsel and acted upon his advice, might honour his body when dead. The holy Constantia hurried to the place of his grave, and there passed days and nights communing with the spirit of him whose miraculous power had benefited her. As soon as the emperors ceased their persecutions, the faithful crowded to the deserts, to combat a new enemy, not of flesh and blood, but the principalities and powers. The author of the life of St. Simon Stylites, and one of that saint's disciples, describes the pomp and magnificence attendant on the translation of his body to Antioch, where it was placed in a church. (See also *Theodoret. Hist. Rel. c. 3.*)

The illustrious hermit Marcion was so famous for sanctity and miracles, that oratories were built during his lifetime for the repose and veneration of his body after death. On learning this, he exacted an oath from his disciple Eusebius, to bury him immediately after death, and to preserve for many years the place of his burial a profound secret, which was not divulged for fifty years. In addition to these, many other instances of the veneration paid to hermits might be cited.

The number of solitaries who retired from the world after the persecution, was more a matter of necessity than of accident. After her great struggles the Church required rest, and time to reinvigorate herself; and for this she fled to the desert, there to cultivate the virtues which she had not needed during the period of her strife, when fortitude was her prominent feature. In this retirement she had leisure to think and form her mind, and thence produced doctors, learned fathers, and illustrious bishops. The sanctity of life brought to such perfection in the fathers of the desert, they practised in the midst of men; and in addition, manifested an energy of mind, a profoundness of thought, and a vigour of action, which has influenced the Church through all succeeding ages; and immediately after their own respective times, merited for them the veneration of the faithful. Thus we

learn from St. Gregory Nazianzen (Orat. 20), the honours paid to St. Basil. He relates how he was carried by holy men, every one seeking for the honour of being employed in his burial. "And now," says he, "he is in heaven; there, if I mistake not, offering sacrifice for us, and pouring forth prayer for the people." In the 21st Orat. the same St. Gregory extols St. Athanasius, believing him to be among the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs. In the early ages the term Confessor bore a different signification from that which we now often attach to it, it being then only applied to those who suffered torments for the faith, but were not required to die. The distinction is given and explained by St. Cyprian, in his letter to Pope Lucius, quoted above. Having no term to express the character of these holy men, they ranked them among the martyrs, in an extended signification. In like manner, the term Confessor has been since used in a wider sense, and conveys an idea partially dissimilar to that which it was originally intended to produce; partially, we say, because as a life of penance was styled a martyrdom, so a life of instruction and intellectual testimony to the faith conferred a claim to the title of confessor, equal with those who had suffered torments rather than deny it. In the liturgy of St. Basil we have a distinct mention made of confessors as different from martyrs. This, however, might be understood in St. Cyprian's sense, without at all weakening the force of the argument, for there is likewise mention of all *just souls* who have departed in the faith.

But to come now to the individual unmartyred saint whom the Church first honoured with a festival,—St. Martin.

This saint died on November 8th, 397,\* at Candes. His body was thence translated to Tours; its reception in that city is described by Sulpicius Severus,† in his life of St. Martin. He says it was praised with psalms and hymns, and people strove for the honour of being employed about it.

The first Council of Tours, in 461, under Pope Hilary, speaks of the festival of the Translation. In 472 his relics were again transferred to a church in the city dedicated to him. This festival occurs in the Roman martyrology on the 11th of November, being the day of his burial; his translation to Tours, and the dedication of his church, on July the 4th.

Alban Butler denies that St. Martin was the first confessor honoured in the Church, and

\* The precise date of St. Martin's death has been the subject of much argument; Baronius, Moreri, and others, have discussed it at length.

† Sulpicius Severus was a disciple of St. Martin, and survived his master twenty-three years. He wrote a Sacred History, the Life of the Saint in three epistles, and a Dialogue on the Oriental Anchorites.

cites the veneration of St. John the Evangelist; but St. John was honoured as a martyr, not as confessor, or as martyr-confessor. Butler does not here distinguish between the first signification of the word confessor and its present meaning.

St. Benedict built an oratory on Mount Cassino in St. Martin's honour. St. Maurus also built a church under his patronage. St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht, and St. Swibert, Bishop of Verdun, consecrated the cathedral church in his name. The Council of Tours, 567, speaks of its being called under that saint's protection, and in his church. This feast is likewise mentioned in the Capitulary\* of Louis le Débonnaire, lib. ii. c. 35, in the year 823.

We discontinued the history of the Feast of All Saints at its promulgation by Pope Gregory IV., at the request of Louis le Débonnaire. It had, however, been celebrated prior to this, as we learn from the thirty-sixth canon of the Council of Mayence, in 813, under Pope Leo III.

It is frequently mentioned in Councils and writers amongst the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, Ascension, &c., as a festival to be observed with a vigil, as no less than the other holidays of obligation. Guigno, or Gui, elected the fifth general of the Order of the Chartreux in 1109, which office he filled until 1137, a space of twenty-eight years, mentions, in the new statutes he drew up, the feast of All Saints as one of the days on which some slight relaxation of the rule might be permitted.

In the Council of Saligestat, during the Pontificate of Benedict VIII., in the year 1021, the first canon orders, among other high festivals, that of All Saints to be preceded by a vigil and fast. In the eighth canon of the Second Council of Oxford, under Honorius III., in the year 1222, the vigil of All Saints is commanded to be celebrated. When its observance had become universal, Sixtus IV. established its octave, in 1480.

This feast, which, in the first ages, had no existence, and in the times immediately succeeding them was only locally celebrated, at length became obligatory and universal. This has arisen from the devotion of particular churches, and especially of monasteries, where ordinary festivals were more solemnly celebrated, and festivals of devotion, as we now call them, were made obligatory on the inmates. Other churches followed the example, and so the observance of these feasts

\* *Capitulary*, in its general signification, means a book divided into chapters; but here it is a peculiar one—the Canonical or Civil Law, drawn up by the Bishop or Barons, and published with the King's sanction. Such capitularies were issued by Childebert, Clotaire, Dagobert, Carloman, Pepin, and particularly Charlemagne, Louis le Débonnaire, Lothaire, and Louis II.; but the custom died away with the third race of kings.

became universal; and the authority of the Church finally stepped in, and commanded and encouraged their celebration by the promises of considerable indulgences.

The day selected for the feast of All Saints was not undesignedly fixed upon. It falls in the most appropriate season of the year. When the husbandman has gathered in his fruits, and rejoices over his abundance, the Church celebrates the harvest of souls which she has gathered into the granary of heaven. She prepared her children by Lent, strengthened them with the graces of Pentecost, assisted and encouraged them during their lives, and now rejoices over their rewards in heaven.

An examination of the office for All Saints, although cursory, will be the best of means for ascertaining the feelings of the Church, of making them our own, and of entering into her spirit. In the Introit she calls upon all to rejoice at the glory and rewards of their brethren. The Epistle encourages those who are left behind, filling them with the hope of the same reward, notwithstanding their weakness; heaven being filled with all tribes, with people of all stations, ages, dispositions, frail as we, tempted as we. The Gospel lays down the conditions on which heaven is to be gained—by adopting principles contrary to those of the world, and acting in accordance with these convictions. And here a thought bestowed upon the wisdom of the Church in assigning this gospel for the day will not be lost, but fructify richly to one's own profit. The term *beatitudes* is a term which contains deep philosophy, and suggests topics for the meditation of years. The virtues by which the great prize is won are indeed *beatitudes*, even on this earth; their maxims and rules are of divine excellence, and alone capable of satisfying the ardent desires of the soul. And from the wisdom of the Church turn to our Saviour's mercy. He does not require us to be miserable now to render us worthy of eternal happiness hereafter, but makes our present happiness depend upon our efforts after future glory.

Four reasons may be assigned for the institution of this feast of All Saints; and if they were not all intended by the originators, yet the nature of the festival bears them fully out. It was, first, the anniversary of the dedication of the Pantheon; secondly, it is designed to honour all the souls who have passed from earth to heaven; thirdly, to supply for and expiate our negligences and omissions in the celebration of their several feasts throughout the year, and to honour those who have not been canonised; and fourthly, to enlist in our behalf, as intercessors, the unnumbered host of heaven.

Before closing this subject, a few words on the different classes of saints and on canonisation may not be unacceptable, at least to such



as have not had the opportunity of benefiting by Father Faber's essay on that subject.

*Servant of God* is a term applied to such persons as have led holy lives and have died in the odour of sanctity. This title is insufficient to warrant the honouring of the bearer in the public liturgy of the Church.

*Venerable* is the title of those who have been pronounced, by the judges appointed to examine and scrutinise the life of him upon whom it has been conferred, to have been persons of great sanctity: the conferring it is the first step in the process of canonisation, but does not authorise any public worship. St. Bede is usually styled "venerable," but not in the sense which the term is now understood to convey; it was his title while still living, and has been continued to be applied to him ever since.

*Blessed* is a title conferred on persons whose practice of virtue has been extraordinary and heroic, and whom the Holy See has permitted certain countries, districts, or religious orders, to venerate publicly by a Mass and Office in their honour.

*Beatification*, or the form of pronouncing a person to have practised virtue in an heroic degree, and of being worthy of the title of *Blessed*, may be called incipient canonisation. In this grant the Pope does not speak *ex cathedra*, or command the worship of the beatified, he merely allows them to be honoured. The reverence paid to the beatified is less solemn than that of saints; their Office has no octave; their feast cannot be of obligation, nor may a votive Mass be said in their honour. Before Alexander the VIIth's time the ceremony of *beatification* was confined to the church of the Order of which the beatified was a member, if a religious, or to that of his nation, if such existed in Rome. This Pope transferred the ceremony to St. Peter's on the occasion of the beatification of St. Francis of Sales, Jan. 8, 1662.

*Saint* is the denomination of one who has been exempt from vice, has practised virtue in an heroic degree; God also has performed miracles by his means when alive, and through his intercession after death; an additional requisite which was not needed for beatification.

Canonisation is the process of examining the miracles attributed to the intercession of the saint, and is also significative of the ceremony by which a saint is dogmatically decreed and pronounced by the Holy See to be in heaven, worthy of our prayers, and capable of assisting us. In the early ages it consisted solely in inscribing the name of a martyr in the catalogue of the saints. The saint is publicly invoked, in the name of the whole Church, for the first time by the Pope himself. In virtue of canonisation, Mass and Office may and is ordered to be said throughout the

Church in honour of the saint; he may be chosen as a patron, and his Office may have an octave: the Mass of his name may be of obligation and votive. Pictures of him may be painted, representing him with an *aureola* of glory, expressive of that which he enjoys in heaven, and imitative of that which appeared encircling the countenance of Moses on his descent from the mountain.

#### ALL SOULS.

The return of a long-absent child brings joy to a mother's heart; for a time, no other thought than that of the object of her love disturbs the reverie of loving contemplation into which the first burst of maternal affection has subsided. But soon the memory of some other, deceased, child, recalled to her mind as it took its last farewell of him who now returns, breaks in upon her happiness, and comes back to her thoughts in all the beauty of innocent childhood. The Church too is a mother, and a loving one. In the midst of her jubilation over the happiness of her children in heaven, their true home, where her voice is loud in praise, and her heart bounding in delight, thoughts of another hue suddenly darken the light of her joy, and enshroud her in desolation and grief,—thoughts of other children, who are in the grave of punishment, passing their days and nights and years in sorrow and pain. To the contemplation of this sad scene she applies the whole energy of her soul; turning from those in bliss, who need no help from her, to soothe the grief and mitigate the woes of her sinful but beloved ones. After having taken up the strain of our Lady in an ecstasy of gratitude and delight on contemplating the honour and joys bestowed on her children, and calling upon all to bless the Lord, the thought of those who have not yet obtained mercy engages her whole attention, and completely abstracts her from her first thoughts. In the words of holy David, she breathes forth in mourning accents, "Placebo Domino in regione vivorum:" "I will please the Lord whilst in the land of the living." She personifies her suffering ones, and supplies for them what they neglected whilst in the land of the living. The night has overtaken them, "in which no man can work;" their day of action is passed, and they must bear the anger of the Lord. But so great is the conformity of their wills with that of God, so great is their love for Him, that their pains are willingly and cheerfully borne, and would be so even through eternity, were such the wish of God. They did not perfectly imitate their Saviour's actions whilst in life; they now desire to imitate Him in all they are able, suffering in his passiveness. His life on earth was one of pain and degradation; it was passed cheerfully and lovingly in honour of his Father, and He

would willingly have prolonged it till the last day, were it required; the saints too would uncomplainingly have continued to dwell on this earth, in exchange for the glories and delights of heaven, for the greater glory of God, as long as such a sacrifice was demanded of their love. This obedience and love of our Saviour and the saints, although a proof of their glory hereafter, was still a pain and deprivation, and to release them from it would have been a great mercy. The obedience and love of the suffering souls in purgatory is a holy expiation of their former disobedience and forgetfulness of God; but yet, as they are suffering actual pains, grievous and of long continuance, an alleviation of them is a great gift, and for it they look to none but us. Unless we contribute to their ransom, they will remain in their prison "till they have paid the last farthing."

To the full appreciation of their necessities, no less than to an ardent charity, is attributable the anxious solicitude of the early Christians for the release of their suffering brethren from the pains of purgatory. The catacombs, the book in which the mind of the first Christians is clearly and fully expressed, bear ample testimony to the affectionate anxiety for the *rest and peace* of the departed. In addition to the monumental prayer, the sacrifice of the Mass, and prayers at stated periods, besides the ordinary commemoration in the daily Mass, were offered for the souls in pain, as we learn from various passages in Tertullian's book *De Monogamia*, and in various parts of his work *De Anima*; also in *De Coron. Milit.* St. Cyprian likewise speaks of prayers for the saints; but these passages are well known, and a repetition of them would be tedious. We merely call attention to them to shew that prayers have been offered for individuals from the infancy of the Church. But no general commemoration of all the departed existed for many centuries; this was first instituted by Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, in the year 998, and was commanded by him to be observed in all the monasteries subject to him. From the monasteries it passed to the surrounding churches, was noticed by foreigners, and by them carried back to their own countries, and finally became general throughout Europe; the church of Besançon having the honour of being the first to imitate the example of the monasteries. We find in the canons of the Second Council of Oxford, 1222, quoted above in testimony to the existence of All Saints as a feast of obligation, the *feast of souls, festum animarum*, as one on which no work was allowed before office, i.e. a feast of minor obligation. The Greek Church makes two general commemorations of the dead during the year; one on each of the Saturdays preceding Lent and Pentecost.

The Church of the early times was not

singular in her belief as to the state of the departed. The Jews before her held the same opinion; and even if she only servilely imitated the practice of the Jewish Church in this particular point, without being warranted so to do by her own system and the deductions consistently drawn from her faith on penance and satisfaction, it would be no argument against the correctness of our belief and the rectitude of our practice, for there are many doctrines and observances of the Jews which have been perfected according to the Christian model. "Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil."

The earliest testimony of the practice of offering sacrifice for the sins of the dead we find in 2 Maccabees, xii. 42, &c. The facts are these. After a battle fought by Judas Maccabeus, whilst burying the dead the soldiers found concealed in the clothes of some of their dead companions idolatrous amulets; "And so, betaking themselves to prayers, they besought Him (the Lord) that the sin which had been committed might be forgotten. . . . And, making a gathering, he (Judas) sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection." And in verse 44 a clause is inserted by the writer of the book: "For if he had not hoped that they who were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." And in verse 46 he concludes the account with another remark of his own: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

If this is rejected as Scriptural proof, it must be received as historical testimony. This passage, and the remark of the writer at its conclusion, bear witness that the Jews believed in the efficacy of sacrifices in loosening the dead from sins, and is likewise a proof of their acting upon their belief. We have the sin stated, the prayers offered, and money collected to be sent to Jerusalem for sacrifices in atonement for the sin.

The objection, that the soldiers and their general, Judas, were in error as to the belief of the nation, is scarcely worth answering; but to explain the passage fully, it may be as well to state, that Judas was himself high-priest; and as for his imposing on his army, and obtaining money "under false pretences," this is more easily asserted by others than it could have been effected by Judas. If the general had duped his soldiers, the writer of his history, being a holy man, would have rather exposed his fault than explained and approved of the action.

St. Austin is satisfied with this text as a proof of the doctrine of purgatory; and declares, that although this belief were not sanc-



tioned by the authority of any passage in Scripture, the practice of the whole Church appears to him quite sufficient warrant for praying for the dead. In his *Confessions* he begs prayers for his mother Monica and her husband Patricius; and mentions sacrifices for all the departed in his book *De Cura Mort.* c. 4. And in his thirty-second sermon, *De Verbis Apostolis*, he mentions the commemoration of departed souls in the sacrifice of the Mass, as the Church has learnt from the tradition of the Fathers.

That the Jews of the present day believe in purgatory we learn from their Rabbinical books. The fabulous nature of these writings does not at all weaken the force of the argument drawn from them to bear out our opinion. In them their doctrines are clothed in fable and allegory; they seem to give as facts, binding on the credulity of the people, parables or allegories which might originally have been intended as vehicles of instruction. Several histories illustrative of the doctrine of purgatory are given by Bartoloccio.\* The substance of these is, that the pains of purgatory lasted for the space of one year only; during this time the soul was permitted to visit its body, the scenes of its life, and its friends; during this year prayers are offered for the soul, and particularly there is a strict obligation on children of saying it for their deceased parents, the prayer being called *Kaddisch*. If a certain prayer is chanted on Fridays, all the souls in purgatory are permitted to refresh themselves at the wells; wherefore the Rabbins prohibit most strongly that all the water of a well should be drawn, lest the souls in purgatory be deprived of their refreshment. The Sabbath is a privileged day, both for the deliverance of these unhappy souls, and for being a day of rest from their sufferings. They confine purgatory to Jews, and hell they assign as the abode of the Gentiles; the torments they consider to be nearly the same as those of hell, the difference consisting in their intensity and duration.

The belief in punishments and rewards after death necessarily includes the belief in purgatory. All sins are not equal, but they all deserve punishment; and punishment must be proportionate to their guilt: the more heinous meriting a severe retribution, the less a more

\* Bartoloccio was born at Celleno, in Tuscany, in the year 1613; he became a Cistercian in 1632, and devoted himself to the study of Hebrew, of which language he was professor in Rome for many years: he died in 1651. He wrote a *Hebrew Library*, in three volumes, to which two were added by his pupil Imbonati.

merciful chastisement. Consistency of reasoning must lead to this admission, and for an illustration we need but name the opinions of Plato. Unassisted by revelation, he had arrived at very clear notions on the subject of punishment after death for the sins of one's life. In the sixty-second chapter of *Phædo*, *Τούτων δὲ οὕτω πεφυκότων*, having described in the preceding chapter the four great and principal rivers of the earth and their courses, he proceeds to state their uses and purposes. After death, he supposes that all are judged; first those who have lived holily, and next those whose lives have been sinful. Such as are found to have lived only moderately well are conducted to the river Acheron, which he has previously described as having a subterraneous passage to the lake Acherusa, whither most souls are sent, and whence, after a certain period, they are permitted to return to other bodies. On their arrival at Acheron, they are carried by the vehicles there in readiness to the pool Acherusa, where they are purged from their sins, expiate the injuries they have inflicted by injustice, and for their good actions obtain rewards. But if some appear incurable on account of the enormity of their crimes, such as sacrilege and murder, they are cast into Tartarus, whence they are never released. Tartarus he has described in the foregoing chapter as being in the lower parts of the earth, and being also named *Pyriphlegethon*, or *burning*. Those whose sins are of a more pardonable nature, as insults to parents which have been redeemed by subsequent respect, and homicide, must also enter Tartarus; but after remaining there a year, its waters eject them. . . . Those who have lived more holily than others are liberated from these subterraneous prisons, ascend to the pure regions on high, and dwell above the earth.

Here we have a counterpart of the Catholic doctrine of the eternity of hell's torments, and of their being inflicted by fire, and of the temporary pains of purgatory, allowing for the imaginative location of the abodes of punishment. In one particular Plato's error is similar to the Rabbinical idea of the expiration of the soul's imprisonment after one year's purgation; but this may be an expression of the short duration of purgatory, and not of the belief that all punishment ended with the anniversary of its commencement. At least this may be the corruption of an originally correct idea.

M.

## Reviews.

## SOCINIANISM.

*On the Religious Ideas.* By William Johnson Fox, M.P. London, Charles Fox.

IN many respects, Mr. Fox is a much more satisfactory antagonist to deal with than those speculators who, having been brought up in Anglicanism, have afterwards embraced some modification of the Socinian creed. He is more scientific, more aware of his own principles, more calm and philosophic, and, we must add, more candid and temperate in the exposition of his views. The series of lectures he has just published under the above title is, perhaps, as complete and systematic an account of the theological system of those who, for want of a better title, we must call Socinians, as any other recently written English book that we can name. It labours, it is true, under the defects which are generally inseparable from all compositions originally designed for public delivery. It is occasionally diffuse, and occasionally declamatory, but nevertheless, the tone of the philosophic teacher is, for the most part, adequately sustained; and we are seldom annoyed by those needless repetitions and senseless clappings which so often vitiate the ablest productions of the popular lecturer.

We question, indeed, whether a better case can be made out in favour of unmixt Rationalism than Mr. Fox has here laid before us. We do not mean, that a more impetuous and damaging onslaught might not be made on dogmatic religion, or that what must be (in courtesy) termed the arguments in favour of the Socinian philosophy might not be arranged in a more systematic and imposing form. Mr. Fox's book is one of statement rather than of reasoning; and as we ourselves consider that the moment Socinianism betakes itself to logic, it betrays its inherent baselessness and inconsistencies, we look upon a simple *statement* of his views as the most efficacious means for their propagation which can be adopted by a zealous adherent of this modern religion. It is solely because Socinianism wears the aspect of a clear, precise, and homogeneous system, that it makes its way with intelligent Protestants. It is a refuge to the independent soul when agitated by the conflicting facts of dogmatic Protestantism. It is a syren which woos to its embrace the spirits of those who are tempest-tost on the ocean of controversy and doubt; and it is by singing sweetly its own praises, and not by any closely-reasoned chain of argument, that it entices the wearied voyager to flee from the raging waves around him to that shore which seems to promise him refreshment and rest for ever.

We are ourselves morally convinced that no man of competent faculties ever looks the difficulties of religion fully in the face, resolved, at all costs, to be a consistent reasoner, without ending either in Atheism or Catholicism. Atheism, in truth, breaks down at its very commencement; but let a man once leap over the gigantic chasm which divides in twain the arguments of the Atheist, and renders his theory both an absurdity and an impossibility, and he can go on from step to step, not indeed rearing a glorious and enduring edifice of knowledge, but dashing to the ground every stone that has been set up by his fellow-men, until he dwells desolate in the midst of a blank and arid desert of universal scepticism. But if he cannot force himself to overlook the one great, awful, and consoling truth, that there *is* a God, we are persuaded that it is utterly impossible for any well-informed man of moderate capacities to be *consistent* in his ideas respecting the unseen world without embracing the creed, and submitting to the authority, of the Church of Rome.

Accordingly, as is natural, we find that the further a man of cultivated mind recedes from the dogmatic creed of Catholicism, the more studiously does he avoid any thing like positive argument in favour of the system he adopts. He will prove, indeed, the simple being of a God, sometimes in a most cogent and admirable manner; but the moment he would erect a structure of positive conceptions respecting the nature, attributes, and actions of that God, and respecting the past history, the present spiritual condition, and the future and eternal prospects of man, that moment he quietly drops all proof, and betakes himself to bold and reckless statement and assertion. Succeeding in shewing that all dogmatic creeds are accompanied by *some* difficulties, and that much of Protestantism is as untenable as it is odious, *therefore* he calmly assumes that *his* theory of religious truth holds good, and is not even more radically self-inconsistent than any one of the systems which he has rejoiced to destroy.

Extraordinary, indeed, and instructive it is, to mark the startling contrast between the teaching and the practice of the devotees of that system, which, upholding Christianity as a divine religion, yet denies to it the exclusive possession of any dogmas, communicated to man by the infallible teaching of Almighty God. Loud as are the men of this school in their applause of the accuracy and completeness of the various branches of physical science, and strenuously as they assert the necessity of assimilating science and theology with one



another, it never seems to strike them that they are bound to reduce *their* creed to a perfect scientific coherence in all its parts, and to *prove* the various hypotheses which they would substitute for the ancient belief of the universal Christian Church. And never have we met with a treatise in which this *πρῶτον ψεύδος* of the Rationalist scheme is more palpable than in Mr. Fox's temperate and ably written pages. When men declaim, and assault, and ridicule, and sneer, and seem bent only on making all opponents look like fools, we hardly look for any rigid accuracy of logical proof. They enter the arena as gladiators, not as philosophers. Provided they succeed in demolishing their adversaries, they are permitted to carry off the palm of acuteness and courage; we applaud them, and ask no more. But as Mr. Fox discusses a well-arranged series of topics, and expounds what he considers both the essence and the development of an undeniable religious system, we are again and again amazed to see so collected and candid a thinker as blind to the audacious assumptions into which he incessantly falls as the simplest believer in Pagan superstitions, or in the infallible curative powers of a fashionable and well-puffed panacea. A few examples of this unconsciousness of the inconsistencies and baselessness of the Socinian scheme, occurring as they do in an author so much above the vulgar crowd, will perhaps not be without instruction and interest to some of our readers.

We have already so often stated what is the elementary point of difference between Catholicism and Socinianism, Rationalism, Philosophical Christianity, or whatever else it may be named, that we need expend no space in again dilating upon it. It is simply a question whether Christianity is a revelation of certain spiritual truths, commonly termed doctrines, or dogmas, or is merely one of the many forms of belief with which pious and well-meaning men have at once overlaid and embodied the elements of the morality of universal human nature. The question of the inspiration of the Bible is a subsidiary one; or rather, it is a question of which the determination necessarily follows, in one way or other, on the original question. If Christianity does reveal true doctrines, then certainly the Scriptures are inspired, that is, they are infallibly true. If Christianity is only a peculiarly admirable system of morals, and a development of those ideas respecting the Divinity which man finds in his own inward nature, then the Bible is no more inspired than the writings of Plato or the traditions of Hindoo mythology. This latter is Mr. Fox's belief, and his work is devoted to shew what is the superstructure of faith which he builds up on this foundation.

His theory is, in common with his co-religionists, that nothing is true with respect to invisible things but what is found to correspond to certain natural indications and faculties in

the nature of man himself. What he here terms "The Religious Ideas" are correlatives to the only real truths which actually exist. All else is fiction, superstition, or a myth. He does not indeed assert that all these ideas would grow up and develop themselves in the mind if left unaided by outward circumstances and the suggestions of tradition,—and herein appears one of the fundamental oversights of the Socinian creed,—but he believes that the mind is so constituted that, under a favourable influence, it as naturally gives birth to these conceptions as the root of a tree, when watered by the rains, and warmed by the heat of the sun, sends forth its shoots, its leaves, and its blossoms. Such ideas he considers to be those of revelation, God, Providence, the sense of right and wrong, duty, redemption, heaven, and the like.

"These are the conceptions," he says, "which we find in the most intellectual forms of religion, in the most dissenting Dissent, and the most protesting Protestantism; we find them in the strongest assertion of individual judgment in matters of faith, and we find them also in the most implicit submission which the devout believer in the Roman Catholic system renders to the guide of his conscience, his priest, who is his mediator. We find them in all forms of Christianity, and we find them in that Judaism which originated Christianity. We may trace them in the fierce mythology of the Goths, and in the graceful mythology of the Greeks. We behold them in the multitudinous idolatry of the Hindoo, and in the stern monotheism of the Mohammedan. We find them in the different forms which each religion has assumed under differing circumstances; and we may go back till we behold them shadowed out in the remote and gigantic forms of primeval Egyptian superstition. They are in all; although, diversified by various influences, they form different and hostile religions, seeking for the conversion of one another, mutually excommunicating, and influencing by their conflicts the rise and fall of empires.

"As we trace these, the religious ideas, in succession, I think it will appear that they have a deeper foundation than the mere ceremonies, the creeds, the books, the priesthood, the teachers, the oracles, by which religions are distinguished, and from which they are called. I think we shall find that they have their root in human nature; that they are the growth of man's intellectual and moral constitution; that they are in their essence a reality, as much as he is a reality. I do not call them innate ideas; that doctrine of innate ideas has been exploded from the days of Locke. We are not born with thoughts, but we are born with tendencies to thought, and to certain modes and forms of thought, which afterwards take a definite existence. For though Locke exploded the doctrine of innate ideas, his comparison of the mind of man to a sheet of blank paper fails egregiously; there are some things which cannot be written upon that paper by any hands; and there are symbols of ideas which will appear upon it, although no hand be excited to trace them there; which, under the appropriate influences, will come out, like the writing on paper with sympathetic ink when it is held to the fire, and will grow plain and legible even to untutored tribes. There are tendencies to modes of thought, such as what philosophers mean by 'the moral sense;' not a power born with us, like the physical and external senses, but such a constitution as that, in due time, the conceptions of right and wrong, of good and evil, of duty, will arise in the mind and exist there to a certain extent, though that extent may be diversified by the acquirements and the exercise of the faculties of the individual. The assumption that such tendencies are

physically manifested is the foundation of phrenology, and is a correct conception in itself, whether the phrenology which is thus founded be true or false, complete or imperfect, accurate or inaccurate in its deductions. Whether there be or be not in the head an organ of veneration, the tendency of man's being is to venerate; and this tendency will discover or create for itself an object. Veneration seeks the majestic; it will delineate and believe in the majestic. It has a tendency towards this; and although it may be often wrong, and may be corrected by logic and philosophy, by experience and observation, yet this is only saying the very same thing that we have to say of the physical and external senses. Our sight and hearing are corrected by the operations of our mind, and by the deductions of knowledge and experience. And as the testimony of these senses yet carries with it the assurance that leads to belief in the external existence of objects, so is there in the intimations of the internal senses, in the objective tendencies of our different faculties, veneration, love, hope, fear, and so on,—so is there in these an assurance that leads to a belief also in the objective and external existence of corresponding realities. There is in human nature an internal impulse towards the divine. Hence religion,—but religion modified in a thousand different ways, and by a thousand different influences; most extensively modified by the claimants of revelation; by the utterers and expounders (whatever the testimonials of their authority) of what they call divine oracles; by those who speak in the name of the Lord, or in the name of the multiplicity of gods whom their people worship; by those who have left the impress of their individuality on religions that have prevailed over islands and continents and the broadest empires, and who have exercised authority upon large portions of the human race, and through the lapse of long ages. They have all been modifiers, and no more, of these internal universal conceptions of human nature, without which to work upon, priests, kings, prophets, or reformers, would vainly have endeavoured to establish their systems."

What this religious system is, apart from the corruptions of priests, prophets, and kings, is then expounded in the course of these lectures. Mr. Fox seeks to disengage what he considers the pure spiritual truth from the entanglements of human folly, ignorance, and deceitfulness; Protestant and Catholic, Evangelical and Tractarian, Christian, Mahometan, Jew, and Pagan together, all furnish him with illustrations of the pertinacity with which mankind never would—to use a homely proverb—*let well alone*, but must needs pervert the simple dictates of their own divinely fashioned souls into fantastic, absurd, tyrannical, impure, or cruel dogmas. How far he has succeeded in thus disentangling truth from error, or how far he has unwittingly cut the ground from beneath his own feet, we shall now see. And we very earnestly and sincerely entreat Mr. Fox himself, and all who agree with him, to ask themselves, as honest men, whether they ought, and whether they *dare*, to flatter themselves that a system so overrunning with glaring inconsistencies, rash assumptions, and the darkest oblivion as to the facts of all dogmatic religion, is really to be classed among things to be believed, to be cherished, and to be depended upon as giving them a hope of a blessed immortality.

We shall follow Mr. Fox nearly in his own order, not entering into every single question which he discusses, but pointing out, in the

place in which they occur, some few of the fatal defects and errors of the system he propounds.

For the first which occurs to us we confess we were hardly prepared in the writings of a person of any real knowledge of physical science. Mr. Fox calls the doctrine of the resurrection of the body "a physical impossibility!" Not a syllable does he utter to shew *why* it is impossible; not a sentence does he devote to inform us how it is that it cannot be. All he says is this: "The doctrine of a future life is common to all religions: the Christian apostles blended with it the resurrection of the body—a physical impossibility." To meet such an assertion is indeed difficult, because we positively see nothing to overthrow. No argument that *could* be urged, except by a child who knows nothing of chemical analysis, is any thing more than a shadowy phantom which vanishes before our actual grasp. We presume that Mr. Fox believes that matter is a real thing, and also that it is so (apparently) infinitely divisible, that whether it be true or not that there is a limit to its atomic divisibility, at any rate the multitude of ultimate atoms which compose this world and the bodies of its inhabitants is so vast that thought cannot even conceive of its vastness. How, then, is it physically *impossible* that God, who controls by certain laws the movements (chemical or otherwise) of every single atom in creation, should reserve unmixed the component parts of each single human frame which belong to it at the time of death, so that hereafter He should summon them all again to coalesce in the re-formation of the same bodies, and re-attach them to the souls to which they once belonged? Does our author imagine that there are not *enough* ultimate material atoms on the earth, and in the earth and atmosphere, from which to frame myriads of times as many human bodies as have ever lived upon this globe? or does he wish us to believe that it is a "physical impossibility" that this world and the increase of the human race should be finally put an end to by its Creator before *all* the ultimate atoms of existing matter have been so completely absorbed in the creation of fresh human frames, so that God actually *could not* call a new one into life without making use of the elementary particles of the body of some person deceased? We do not comprehend Mr. Fox when he says that the resurrection of the body is *impossible*. We can understand him when he says it is *improbable*, though we do not agree with him. But on what grounds he proves it an absolute impossibility, by the wildest flight of imagination we cannot conceive.

The fifth lecture, on the Divine Attributes, contains a passage which we shall quote at length, because it furnishes in a brief space the essence of the principle on which Mr. Fox would rely for a solution of the difficulties in which he is conscious that his system involves



him. It supplies also a most complete refutation of that system itself. In reference to the Christian belief that God accepts the sufferings of the innocent in the place of those of the guilty—a doctrine which of course involves the credibility of the whole scheme of human redemption, as held by almost all who call themselves Christians,—he says :

“What British judge is there on the bench that would not recoil from the notion of punishing the innocent for the guilty,—who would accept substitution in such a matter,—who would visit, not only with external punishment, but with the internal feelings of aversion, reprobation, and condemnation, one who was only guilty by substitution, by imputation, by a transfer which may be applicable to commercial intercourse, but which has no affinity with moral qualities? He would recoil from that which he ascribes to his Deity: and such is the development of the notion of God but too common in this country, and amongst other nations bearing the Christian name. It is received conventionally; it is the conception of a barbarous age, artificially preserved, and borne along by creeds, establishments, and other contrivances, into a more civilised age. It is a notion which is interwoven, perhaps, with the imperfections of some states of human society, but which does not belong to it in other states, and ought to be repudiated in words, as it is in thought, whenever the moral sense is allowed its free scope and its fair action.

“Here, then, is a distinction continually to be drawn; here is a case in which the simplicity of the original conception of a perfect being may serve us to hold in check and discriminate between the legitimate and the erring developments of that thought. Such differences must occur; the conception of perfection does not make perfection; the conception of absolute reason does not make an unerring reasoner. It is by humanity that these original ideas have to be developed; and therefore that development must partake of the limitations, the errors, the imperfections of human nature. It must partake not of these only, but also of those which are superinduced by the arrangements of society, by the influence of governments and education, on which a similar power operates, and which in their turn become causes, as well as effects. We find, therefore, an agency, a constant agency of obscurity and of error, acting upon that which in itself is so pure and simple. There is a counteracting power, indeed, in the records of their thoughts and feelings who have attained the higher degrees of wisdom amongst mankind; there is a counteracting agency in the ceaseless influences of nature; and the war is thus maintained between powers, some of which would hold man fast to his original and simple conception, and others lead him wide astray. How, for instance, can men, trained up with very different notions as to the object of human life and exertions, form in detail the same conception even of the infinitely perfect? The man to whom valour is virtue, with whom fighting is the noblest business of life, to whom ‘the joys of conquest are the joys of man’—can he conceive a Deity like that of the man of peace, who would lead his life in quietness, and cultivate universal harmony?

“Where, then, it may be said, is the standard? I pretend not to say. Therein each ‘must minister to himself.’ The only practical standard I know of is this, that we endeavour to conceive of perfection as it appears to us in our best moments, when we are most in unison with all that is true and lovely in the intellectual, the moral, and even the physical world; and that we bring our other thoughts, the minor details of development in us, to as close an affinity or identification as we can with this thought. And if we find in ourselves an increasing sense of the perfect, the absolutely true and lovely; if we trace a congruity between this primary, elementary thought, and the other thoughts and associations that cluster around it, or spring from it; if our

thoughts are at one with the tendencies of beautiful nature around us; if they harmonize with the progress of science, and we are not liable to have a doctrine or a system upset by some fresh discovery in geology or astronomy; if they are such as the purest of our race have cherished in their purest moments; and if their beneficial tendency upon the hearts and lives, the conduct and the hopes of men be also obvious; then, I should say, though we have not an absolute standard, which we may take in our hands and walk through the world with, requiring every thing to correspond thereto, yet we have encouragement for ourselves, encouragement to persevere in cherishing such modes of thought and feeling, encouragement to our aspirations. We are stimulated to go on, not as dictatorial bigots, but as humble inquirers,—the true and genuine position of humanity, in all that relates to subjects in which the vastness of infinity and that incomprehensible eternity are involved, and with which they are connected.”

The mingling up of truth and error, of fact and fiction in these paragraphs, is truly surprising. Take, for instance, the very first sentence. Was there ever a more singular oversight and mis-statement mixed up with a plain every-day fact? Doubtless, no British judge would accept the sufferings of the innocent *in place of* those of the guilty; but most undeniably it is a universal principle, both in English law and in the working of our social and domestic life, that men should suffer *in consequence of* the sins of which they are personally guiltless, although man cannot go so far as to *pardon* the sinner for the sake of the agonies endured by others on his behalf. From the legal enactments which confiscate the property and dishonour the children of those who are convicted of certain crimes, down to the severe and unrelenting frown with which society turns away from the swindler's wife, from the murderer's children, from the offspring of illicit love, untainted as they themselves may be by the iniquities of those to whom they are bound by ties of blood, the universal voice of humanity (including the disciples of Mr. Fox's own school itself) attests its homage to the idea that guilt can be propagated and conveyed from generation to generation, and from shore to shore, just as the pestilence flies from man to man, and the licentiousness of one age overwhelms its successor in disease, ruin, and death. And if man never forgives those who break his laws, it is only because he dare not; it is because the judge cannot command the movements of the heart of the criminal that he must exact a rigid punishment for his offences. The prerogative of mercy, in any wide extent, belongs to God alone, because God alone has power over the guilty spirit, and by the efficacy of an inward grace can make the very pardon of the past the instrument by which the most vile are transformed into a new and pure state of being.

Conscious, however, that in this and many similar sentiments he is contradicting the universal suffrages of his fellow-creatures, and too much of a philosopher not to perceive that *some* clear test of what is right and wrong must be supplied in the place of the unanimous testimony of the unnumbered millions against

whom a few modern thinkers have lifted up their voice,—our author proceeds to explain how truth is to be found amidst the jarring conflict of opposing ideas. And like an honest man, he almost confesses that his system must lead to the darkest scepticism, and the utter denial of the possibility of discerning good from evil. "Where, it may be said," he adds, "is the standard? I pretend not to say" is his admission. "Therein each must minister to himself." Then, aware that this is tantamount to an assertion that religion and morals are all dreams and shadows, and the only real prudence is embodied in the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he starts back from the abyss into which he was about to plunge, and suggests what he conceives to be "the only practical standard" to which a wise man, living in England in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, can attain, for the solution of that problem, which if he cannot solve, it had been better for him that he had never been born! Then follows the exposition of this test, and never have we beheld a more instructive example of the bewilderment of man's intellect when floundering on the quicksands of this pretended philosophy. Not in all the chronicles of puzzle-headedness or simplicity is there recorded a more extraordinary case of reasoning in a circle. In order to discover *what* is true and lovely, we are to note what are our emotions when brought into contact with what *is* most true and lovely! In order to find the truth, we are to begin by assuming that the very thing we are in search for is already found! In order to learn the simplest matter of right and wrong, we are to start by conceiving to ourselves what is absolutely perfect! In order to do our duty as men, we are to regard ourselves as God! *Where*, let us ask, do the masters of this school learn what *is* this glorious perfection with which they bid their disciples observe the harmony of their spirits? How wonderful that men should thus deceive themselves with the glittering brilliance of their own phrases, and be content to rest their knowledge of all that is noblest, best, and most true, upon a logical fallacy which is transparent to the mere tyro in reasoning!

And mark the impossibility of applying this test, even granting that it is not essentially worthless. Here are Mr. Fox and many other persons of regular lives, amiable dispositions, superior abilities, and excellent education, united in alleging that when their minds are in the *most* regular, *most* amiable, and altogether most satisfactory condition, they revolt from the doctrine of the atonement, as understood by all the rest of the nominally Christian world. The same he says of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and other points of Catholic belief. But now, I, that is, the present writer, and almost every one who reads these remarks, find in ourselves a directly con-

tradictory phenomenon. When our love to God burns brightest, when we are most successful in overcoming our defects, when we are most energetically and practically devoted to making all around us happy and good, *then* do both our intellects and our emotions acquiesce most cordially and gratefully in these very doctrines, which Mr. Fox and his friends reject. Mr. Fox tells me that the resurrection of the body is a physical impossibility. Arguing on scientific data, I totally deny his statement; and then looking inwardly, I feel that all my feelings tend to make me yearn for the presence of my body with my soul throughout a glorified eternity. The more expanded become my conceptions of the spiritual nature and omnipotence of the great God of all, the more pure and unsensual become the movements of my will and all my faculties, the more fervently do I pant for a state of being in which not only shall my mind be cleansed from all taint of sin and selfishness, but my body shall be transformed into its celestial habitation, glorified and spiritualised indeed, but yet a body still. Or again, in my purest and clearest moments, I abhor the very thought of revenge for the most cruel injuries, both in my own case and that of others; there is something so exalting in the thought of unbounded forgiveness, and so satisfying in its actual exercise, that at such times I wonder that I can ever debase my nature by cherishing an angry thought, or uttering a revengeful word. Yet when I walk abroad into the world, I perceive that only a small minority feel as I do. Not only, like myself, are they at times guilty of angry acts and words of vengeance; but, unlike myself, they boast of it, they uphold revenge as a virtue, they hold forgiveness in contempt, they count pride a duty, they cannot even conceive a state of mind like that at which I aim as divine, and to which I certainly tend at those moments which *to me* appear the most pure and perfect. Or, once more, the immense majority of Englishmen can perceive no special perfection and sanctity in a life of virginity. So, at least, *they say*; and whether we believe them or not, in an argument like the present we cannot assume that they do not justly represent their feelings, when they express their total disagreement with the Catholic belief on this point. I, on the other hand, and millions of Catholics throughout the world, judging by *our* instincts, can scarcely conceive a person regarding the state of virginity as no better and purer than the state of marriage. We had this feeling without being taught it. We are as confident that we had it by nature, as that we liked pleasure and disliked pain by nature. It never leaves us; it is a part of our being; we had almost said that we shrink from the opposite belief as we shrink from a denial of the existence of God himself.

Who, then, shall judge amongst us on all these mighty questions? Who shall be the



master to whom Mr. Fox and myself shall both defer? I cannot commence by assuming that I am wiser, better, or more spiritual than Mr. Fox, nor can he commence by assuming the same kind of superiority over me. In his best moments he tells me that his judgment tends in one direction; in *my* best moments my judgment tends in diametrically the reverse. Where, therefore, is the test to which we may both apply ourselves? Or shall we, as our author almost admits in the concluding words that we have quoted, recur to the belief that all is obscure and hidden in mystery, and that man is doomed to remain for ever an unsolved enigma to himself?

Oh, sad and melancholy it is to read the mournful confession that "the true and genuine position of humanity" is, not *to know*, but *to inquire*, in all that is most worth knowing, in all that concerns himself, not as a sensual animal, but as a thinking, reasoning, and loving soul! What notion are we to entertain of this absolute truth and loveliness, towards which we are bid to tend, if it is a part of its decree that we shall live and die without hope, in stupified ignorance of our future destiny, and of every thing but what relates to the well-being of this wretched, perishing, and corporeal frame? They tell us, that at any rate they believe there *is* a God, and that universal benevolence and love is his great and distinguishing characteristic. They tell us that we ourselves are, in a certain sense, divine, and that our nature corresponds to all that is most in harmony with the divine perfections. And yet we are to believe, that while knowledge is not only possible but easy in respect to material objects, to the visible world, and to our comfort and well-being as mortals, nothing can be ascertained respecting all that is most real, most true, most pure, and which alone lasts eternally. Man can know no more of himself than that he is a digesting, moving, talking, and labouring machine. His information cannot extend beyond the compass of a few years of sorrow and anxiety; and he is to plunge headlong into eternity with his eyes closed, as a suicide casts himself madly down a beetling precipice into the raging waves of the ocean below.

Surely, if ever there *was* a thing incredible, it is this. If ever there was an assertion which demanded an unreasoning, blind, superstitious assent, it is this notion that inquiry, as opposed to knowledge, is the proper destiny of man in all that is truly good. He *may* learn how to plant a field, to build a house, to cook a dinner, to clothe his frame, to cure a fever, to ride a horse, to construct a railway, to conquer an enemy, to bury a dead body, and to write a history of the past and the visible; but beyond this he is to aspire no higher than the beasts of the field; he is to die the death of a dog, only removed from the cattle whom he has reared and employed, by his

consciousness of unsatisfied yearnings, and of his ignorance of his future fate! Yet this is the philosophic creed of an age which deems itself an age of science and consistency. God be praised that this is not *our* belief. We do not yet gaze upon the unveiled glories of the Invisible One; we have not penetrated either into his secrets, or fathomed all the mysteries of our own being; but we know enough to be our sure practical guide amid the storms and conflicts of life; a voice has come down to us from the eternal throne, and though it has spoken in no such tones of thunder as to overpower the din and clamour of this babbling generation, it has breathed a whisper into our inmost souls, a clear and sweet and harmonious strain, which reads to us the riddle of life, and assures us what we are and whither we are going.

How is it also, to press the point a little further, that our author does not perceive that on his own system, as set forth in his earlier lectures, we ought to believe that such a distinct revelation as Catholics claim to possess *ought* to have been granted by the Divinity to man? He lays it down as a fundamental axiom, that man's instincts all have a correlative in the region of actual existence; that whatever humanity yearns for, we must conclude is not a mere dream or fiction. He grants, further, that, as a fact, humanity does universally long for a revelation, and that all ages and races have ever believed that some distinct, intelligible revelation of doctrines has actually been given by God to the human race. Why, then, are we coolly to allege that *this* instinct, thus wonderfully universal, is not to be trusted as a token that a revelation, in the genuine sense of the word, is not to be looked for, and that it never has taken place, either at the time of the origin of our race or at any subsequent epoch? Either one view or other must go to the ground. Either that horrible Atheism from which Mr. Fox recoils is true, or the "religious idea" of a revelation points to the positive existence, either past, present, or future, of some intelligible announcement from the Creator respecting himself, respecting ourselves, and respecting eternity. It is an undeniable historical fact, that the whole human kind shrinks aghast from the idea that a *knowledge* of spiritual things is an impossibility. When it has not acquired a reasonable knowledge, it invents a system of faith. It cannot live without one. Even the Socinian himself attempts the very work he denounces, draws an arbitrary line between things that may be known and things that may not be known; he builds chapels, and delivers lectures, and writes books, and expounds a creed, both doctrinal and moral, even while most energetically disclaiming that it is possible to *know* any thing respecting either the Divine nature or moral truth.

When will man be consistent with himself?

When will the Socinian perceive that fervid eulogies on the accuracy of physical science, and strenuous demands for an assimilation of theological knowledge to scientific discovery, involve the duty of treating theology as *fairly* as they treat science? When will they admit that proof is as necessary for their system as for ours, and that the same immense field must be taken for moral experiments as is required for those that are physical? "Where is revelation?" Mr. Fox asks; and thus he replies:

"Every where; every where that man, cherishing his purest thoughts and highest faculties, finds his spirit in communion with the great universal Spirit. It is not here or there exclusively. It is with the poet of an idolatrous country; it is with sages arising in barbarous times, their light shining amidst the thick night of ignorance; and it is with those who, enjoying higher degrees of knowledge, surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligence, find their own minds enabled thereby to look yet higher, even to the great Source of light. Wherever moral and spiritual truth suggests itself to the mind, grows in that mind, passes from it to other minds,—there is revelation; by whatever name it may be called, under whatever external forms of religion it may be conveyed, with whatever establishments and institutions of priests or churches it may be associated,—revelation is there, and there should we thankfully acknowledge its existence.

"There is a state of mind to which it comes—not preternaturally—there is no conjuration in the case, there is no violation of law; it comes in harmony with the great laws of matter, mind, spirit. When a man has meditated in solitude, or has discoursed in society,—if he has become familiar with antique volumes, or has listened to living teachers,—whenever and wherever he has felt himself most at one with the scheme of things in which he exists; when, his mind retiring from petty struggles and petty enjoyments, or seeking relief from its weight of sorrows, allowing the course of his thoughts to run freely, he has perceived, amid the great confusion of things, some moral truth, as it were beaming from above,—there has been God's revelation; and let him lay it to his heart, and cherish it.

"There is something analogous to this in science. It was by no logical process, by no calculation, that the theory of the universe first arose in the mind of Newton; at least, according to the story, the apple fell, and the thought sprung up,—how the power of gravitation might bind the planets into a system, and unite system with system, through all the regions of space. And thus it is that moral truth, in the minds of men disposed to be recipients of Heaven's bounty, has come to them in all countries, and in all ages,—and will continue to come, while nature and man exist as they are now constituted. It is true, thought works on these conceptions. It may supply some degree of external evidence, though it does not discover them; but after all, such is not the basis on which they rest. It may endeavour to hew them into a shape more accordant with the acknowledged principles of the time and the country; but this will not affect the essence of the thought itself, the discovery of the moral truth,—what I call the revelation. Bentham laboured all his life in merely amplifying a sentence which he found in the writings of Dr. Priestley—"that the proper end of government is the greatest happiness of the greatest number,"—a sentence probably written by that fluent author without himself having any distinct comprehension of the extent and grandeur of the meaning of that on which he thus conferred expression. Bentham, the most logical of men, spent his life in amplifying and applying this truth; but he never proved the assertion itself,—the basis of all his philosophy, the spirit and life of his whole system, that which to deny reduces all his juri-

dical and social speculations to a mere hypothesis: he never did prove that—he never dreamt of proving it; and perhaps he might be unaware through his whole life, that he was thus receiving a truth on the ground of its moral fitness and consonance with the best dictates of human nature, which had really nothing of the logical demonstration and foundation that he was endeavouring to give to all his minor propositions.

"Such is the way we deal with things in this western world. The Orientals affect not the logical forms as we do; a thought darts into their minds, and they receive it as something from without—something (if it bear marks of truth and beauty) from above. Hence inspiration is to the Orientals what logic is to the western world; they ascribe their thoughts directly to the great Source of thought. Religions have generally originated with them, and bear the Oriental character. The East has been their cradle, though elsewhere they may have been cherished to maturity. But all that has been done for these elementary thoughts in morals and religion has been only to endeavour to systematise and arrange them, to give them logical forms which did not belong to them originally, and perhaps never can belong to them in the dawn where they were first produced. The revelations, then, which religions make, are only modifications,—modifications of these thoughts; and I might have replied at once to this question of 'Where is revelation?' by the words of William Penn, the Quaker, who, in his work entitled *Fruits of a Father's Love*, thus gives his conception of true religion: 'That blessed principle, the eternal word, I began with to you; and which is that light, spirit, grace, and truth I have exhorted you to, in all its holy appearances and manifestations in yourselves, by which all things were at first made, and men enlightened to salvation. It is Pythagoras's great light and salt of ages; Anaxagoras's divine mind; Socrates's good spirit; Timæus's unbegotten principle, the Author of all light; Hieron's God in man; Plato's eternal, ineffable, and perfect principle of truth; Zeno's maker and father of all; and Plotin's root of the soul. These were some of those virtuous Gentiles commended by the Apostle, that though they had not the law given them as the Jews had—those instrumental helps and advantages—yet, doing by nature the things contained in the law, they became a law unto themselves.'"

This, then, is Mr. Fox's assertion, that the discovery of moral and spiritual truth is analogous to the discovery of scientific truth. It begins with guesses, and is only to be received on subsequent experiment, and that on the largest scale, or on proofs of the strictest mathematical cogency. Now let us take the case of doctrinal religion, and mark how it is treated, and how an antagonist system is set up, by those who thus glorify the certainty and progress of modern science. That very system of investigation which the physical philosopher most justly derides and denounces in the ancients and the schoolmen, he himself unhesitatingly adopts in the domain of moral and religious truth. Scorning the old fantastic hypotheses by which the world, until about 300 or 400 years ago, peopled creation with a world of fabulous beings, he is content to rest, without a suspicion of its fallaciousness, upon a scheme of religious philosophy, which is as unproved, and as diametrically opposed to facts, as the venerable legend of the phoenix, or the tales of the men who carried their heads beneath their shoulders. Maintaining that in all science the boldest and



most plausible guesses at truth are to be rejected unless tested by experiment, and urging upon every student of science the vast moment of extending experiment to the utmost possible limit and to every conceivable combination of circumstances, he audaciously denies the truth of what he accounts the guesses of other ages at spiritual truth, though they have been tested and established by actual experiment in millions upon millions of instances; and at the same time he sets up an opponent system which has either never been tested at all, or breaks down the moment it is tried by a competent experimentalist.

We earnestly commend to Mr. Fox the following doubts as to the rational nature of the grounds on which he denies the truth of Catholicism, and upholds his own opposing philosophy. He is aware,—or he ought to be aware,—that at this moment there exists an immense multitude of men and women, of all ranks, ages, and races, who agree in holding as revealed and infallible the whole Catholic system of doctrine, morals, and discipline. He is aware that with one voice the most intelligent and the most simple alike agree in solemnly asserting that when the Catholic religion is tested by actual, honest, and lasting experiment of its effects upon the mind, it *invariably* tends to elevate the moral character to the highest possible standard of human perfection, including all those elements of moral worth which Mr. Fox himself holds in the profoundest honour. He admits, also, that until a recent period, no one, in any clime, ever upheld the system which he now maintains, save, perhaps, a few wild or immoral fanatics; and further, that in all these bygone ages the same testimony to the experimental effects of Catholicism is borne by the noblest and purest of our common nature.

Now, we would ask, what scientific steps has Mr. Fox, or any single writer of his school, ever taken to ascertain whether these countless assertions as to the results of experiment upon the Catholic creed are really, as he supposes, based upon an insufficient application of the test; and also, what steps has he ever taken to prove his own system by carrying it out to results, and by reducing its component parts into perfect harmony with one another? Of what devout living Catholics has Mr. Fox ever made any such inquiries as we are speaking of? What Catholic philosophical, theological, or moral writings has he studied? He knows as well as we do, and he professes to base his scepticism on this very fact, that *report* is an utterly worthless thing to trust to in scientific experiments; and much more, that reports of the working of any scientific system, when brought forward by its bitterest opponents, are not in one case out of a thousand to be depended upon by the cautious investigator. And yet, in the

most delicate, the *most* difficult, the *most* mysterious, of all subjects of intellectual inquiry, he has been content to accept assertions made by persons whose competence as observers in matters of natural science he would not for a moment allow. This is what we complain of, in him, and in the most candid of Protestants. They do not honestly inquire into facts. They will not institute an *experimentum crucis*, and rigorously abide by its decision. They refuse to look below the surface of vulgar gossip and hostile malevolence. They will not inquire for themselves. They pin their faith on the dictates of their neighbours, and accept as the first elements of eternal truth a series of propositions which are so nonsensical and inconsistent with one another, that we hardly know where to begin to refute them.

Then, further, it never strikes Mr. Fox that he is bound to prove those ideas which he would retain as the essence of a religion for all mankind. It never occurs to him that he is bound to shew that at least his theories are possible, and that he must supply some consistent reasonable explanation of the undeniable facts of humanity.

For example, after rejecting as something unworthy a noble intellect the account given in the Bible of the creation of the organic world from out of a chaotic mass, itself first called into being by the fiat of the Almighty, he tells us that the "true, rational, and universal idea" of the creation is this, that it is "*the finite evolved from the infinite.*" What, in the name of all common sense, does this mean? What, let us ask, is the *nature* of that process which Mr. Fox calls "evolving?" Whether or not it be from some incorrigible stupidity on our parts, we must confess that we have not the most distant conception of the operation which we are here told to believe. The world was *evolved* from God! Talk of the mysteries of the Holy Trinity and Transubstantiation! They are the most palpable of commonplace ideas in comparison with this astounding theory of the way this world, and we ourselves, came into existence.

Yet Mr. Fox does not believe that the present world has existed from all eternity. He is a geologist, and therefore knows well that once there were no men, or beasts, or trees. But it never has crossed his mind that if he thinks that modern science disproves the Mosaic account of the creation, he is logically bound to shew that it is consistent with some other *possible* process of creation. For, be it remarked, it is not merely the fact that a single pair were first created that is anathematised by our author; it is the whole notion of the calling into being of matter and organic and immaterial substances, at the will of the Divinity, at a definite period, which he rejects. He jumbles up the ideas of God, of

law, of nature, of man, of the finite, of the infinite, of good, of evil, of suffering, of immortality, in one moving cloud of mystifications; never clearly conceiving of any one separate element of his scheme, and especially never thoroughly admitting the actual personal existence of a supreme, independent, self-existent God at all.

In a similar dread of plain definitions and scientific accuracy, Mr. Fox uses the word *law* in such a random manner, that we almost think he forgets that a *law* is an abstraction, and not a concrete reality. The world, he tells us, is governed by laws; and the power of suffering to ameliorate the evils of our race is one of these laws. And so in many other illustrations also. But that a law is not a lawgiver, and that "nature" is not a man, or a woman, or a spirit, but simply a form of speech, he seems to have completely forgotten. He would have us believe in God, but he will not suffer us to believe that God acts as an independent being, and that He truly has in his power, and positively controls and directs, the movement of every material atom, and every individual mind, in the entire universe.

Again, he of course denies the doctrine of the natural corruption of the mind, and bids us believe in the *progress* of humanity. But we look in vain for any rational account of the means by which the evils which have existed from the earliest epochs of history down to the present hour first came to accomplish their accursed work amidst us. The Catholic *rationale* of the existence of vice and misery is at any rate intelligible; it says that once it was not so, and that, from a certain mysterious cause, this evil was introduced by a certain instrumentality. This, we say, is intelligible, and not in the nature of things literally impossible, whether it is believed to be true or not. But Mr. Fox and his fellow-thinkers, denying *our* view, wink hard at the startling absence of any possible substitute for 'it' in their scheme, and bid us believe in *progress*! Progress from what? we reply. Progress to what, we understand. But progress *from* what, we are never told. If the doctrine of the fall of man is false, what was it that introduced crime, and sorrow, and bad example among men? We ask only to be told *how* things came to be as they are, on the Socinian hypothesis. We ask whether mankind existed from all eternity, because, if it did, this law of progress must long ago have perfected our race, or rather, it must have perfected it from all eternity. If our race began to exist at some past epoch, we ask whether it first existed in its present wretched state or not? If it did, we ask why it was so created? If it did not, we ask what agency from without introduced the confusion and woe? But we ask in vain. Modern religionism has no

reply to the questions which are put to it. It shelters itself under magnificent generalities, but shrinks up appalled before a plain query. It puts to shame the old stories about priestcraft and imposture, by the boundless demands it makes on our credulity. It shirks definitions, it abhors proofs, it delights in self-glorification, it abounds in promises, it dislikes reading and history, it assumes every thing that it pleases, it mystifies what is plain, and it shrouds what is obscure in tenfold gloom.

With one more illustration of the dread of self-consistency which besets this boastful system, we shall release our readers. Mr. Fox says:

"Plainly, in the ancient world, the expiatory notion, the notion of suffering transferred, prevailed very largely. There was the idea of one being suffering, so as to mitigate or remove the sufferings of another; and in this idea, which rational theology has often made war upon, I apprehend we have a great and profound moral truth,—the fact that it is by suffering, by the sufferings often of the wisest and the best, that mankind are liberated from the evils under which they groan, and led onward towards the good which they desiderate."

How this is a *moral* truth, we do not precisely comprehend. But letting that pass, we do entreat Mr. Fox, as an upright, honest man, to ask himself in what way the admission he has here made differs in *principle* from the doctrine of the atonement for human guilt offered by Jesus Christ? He here gives his assent to one of the greatest fundamental doctrines of the Catholic faith. We do most earnestly beg him to consider how it is possible for him consistently to reject the idea of the expiatory sufferings of our blessed Lord, as a thing contrary to the elements of truth, justice, and morality, while he thus candidly admits that the principle of atonement lies at the root of all that is best and most purifying in the laws on which human life continues to exist. That the good suffer, not merely in consequence of the sins of the bad, but in order to procure them a remission of their own sufferings, is to our eyes as patent a truth in the facts of humanity, as that prodigality makes men poor, and intemperance destroys their health. To tell us that the doctrine of the atonement of Jesus Christ *cannot* be true, while we see the principle of atonement in operation in every age and condition of our race, is worse than a waste of words. Things that *are* must be believed, in spite of the most cogent proofs of their impossibility. A foolish speculatist may prove, on unanswerable metaphysical grounds, that pain has no real existence except in the imagination of those who fancy they are hurt; but a blow on the face speedily dissolves the delusion, and the unlucky sophist bawls out an assent to the reality of physical torment. And thus it is with the speculations of sophists respecting



the monstrous absurdities of the doctrines of Catholic Christianity: they may prove them, as they believe, impossible; but the soul of

man, when in contact with realities, cries out, that, however impossible, as a matter of fact they do in truth exist.

### CHRISTIAN ROME.

*Rome Chrétienne; ou, Tableau Historique des Souvenirs et des Monumens Chrétiens de Rome.* Par M. Eugene de la Gournerie. 2 vols. Paris, Debécourt; London, Burns.

[Second notice.]

M. DE LA GOURNERIE takes a very decided and equitable view of the character of Innocent III., and of the part which he performed in the Albigensian war. The causes which necessitated the assembling of the Fourth Council of Lateran, and justified the measures which were adopted against the noxious sect which then infested the south of France, are thus alluded to by our author:

"The first sessions of the Council were devoted to the drawing up clear and precise articles of faith upon all the questions which were controverted by heretics. Heresy was becoming, in fact, every day more menacing. From Bulgaria to Spain were to be met with at every step Cathari, Patarini, 'Bons Hommes,' strange appellations, under which was concealed a violent hatred of all authority in general, and especially of the Catholic faith, the most strenuous defender of all rights. In Italy, Lombardy was nearly wholly perverted; and error, spreading like a leprosy, had arrived even at infecting certain towns of the papal domains. At Viterbo it had seized upon the municipal authorities. At Orvieto it had set itself free by the assassination of the governor, San Pietro Parentici. Society was in danger; for all the humanising doctrines which Christianity had preached to the world were audaciously set at naught by the sectaries. They attacked the ordinance of marriage, and degraded woman into the mere instrument of sensual pleasures. Justice was at an end; for the mind of man, tossed to and fro between two antagonistic deities, was become the plaything of fate. They acknowledged neither laws nor duties, for they admitted no futurity; and this easy morality was accompanied with practices of austerity and mysterious ceremonies, which, by exciting the imagination of their disciples, subjected them like slaves to the mere volition of the *believing*.\* They were the freemasonry, the secret societies, of the middle age; and if oaths on the poniard were not yet in use, preaching and reviling were not the only weapons which were to aid in the triumph of the work of destruction. Let men wonder after this to see the civilised world rising *en masse* to repel this new invasion of barbarians! Let them wonder to hear the Roman pontiffs summoning whole populations to arms, and blessing the victories won in the name of order and of law! Was rebellion less culpable in the thirteenth century than it is at this day? Let but a rising take place against the least important legislative enactment; let doctrines be disseminated subversive of public tranquillity; let destructive ideas be elaborated in those obscure haunts where men go and part with their liberty and their very sense of remorse to the profit of crime;—on the instant society will be roused, and its justice will display itself in terrible

\* "The heresy of the Albigenses was the negation of all belief enveloped in the mystical forms of a secret society. The names of *Patarins* and *Bulgarians*, by which these heretics were popularly called, would be alone sufficient to tell us what was the depravity of their morals."

penalties—infamy, perpetual imprisonment, death! Well, then! Society defended itself against the Albigenses and Cathari as it defends itself against all those who attack it; so long as it feels in itself the pulse of life it does not willingly lie down to die."\*

The principles on which the Church proceeded in the punishment of heresy have already been discussed and defended in the pages of the *Rambler*. The remarks we are about to make form rather a sequel and a completion to the course of thought which we were pursuing at the end of our former notice of this work. We have said that the political supremacy of the Popes was a fundamental portion of the jurisprudence of the middle age, universally recognised and accepted as well by rulers as by people; that, far from being regarded as an usurpation or a thralldom, it was cherished as the only solid defence against tyranny on the one hand and anarchy on the other,—the only guarantee which could be depended upon for securing justice on the part of governors, and obedience on that of the governed. The Papacy was the keystone of the arch which supported the fabric of mediæval society, the bond of unity and mutual strength, by which the nations of Europe were held together, and formed, as it were, one vast commonwealth. The whole political well-being of the State was bound up with that of the Church. Religion, or, in other words, the Catholic faith, was the acknowledged basis of government and of all existing social relations. To broach heresy, therefore, was not only, as now, to violate the divine principle of Catholic unity, but to innovate upon the one actual universal belief of Catholic Christendom; and this in effect was to break political unity, and to disown all existing authority, for all authority was essentially connected with, and depended upon, the maintenance of that belief, and was centred in the supreme dominion of the successor of St. Peter. Therefore, again, to attack the faith of the Church was to disorganise society, and to strike at the very source of political life. Men resented it

\* "The cruelties which were perpetrated in the course of the war were the act of a few individuals, and no conclusion can hence be drawn against the right which every society undoubtedly possesses, of reducing rebellious populations into submission to its laws. Besides, Innocent III. never ceased to urge upon the crusaders justice and mercy (vide *Ep.* xii. 67, 69). M. Hurter, although writing as a Protestant, in this particular, as in many others, has done ample justice to Innocent III. and to the Church."

as they have ever resented an attempt against the established order of things. It was felt to be, what indeed as a matter of fact it was, an act of rebellion against all constituted authority, the first impulse to the commencement of a general revolutionary movement.

Hence it was that the voice of public opinion proscribed heresy as now-a-days it proscribes sedition. Heresy was seen to be the seditious principle; it was sedition in its elementary and incipient form, and therefore laws were enacted and enforced against it. Men felt the necessity of meeting and suppressing the evil in its germ, or at least in its first expression. Now legislation regards only effects, then it took cognisance of principles; now crime alone is punished, then the mischievous and immoral doctrine which originated and fomented crime was put down with the strong hand of authority. Nor can it be denied, that there was a deep political philosophy in this severity, and that it indicated a state of religious belief and moral feeling far superior to that which is evinced by the spirit of modern legislation. The statesmen of those days went more directly to the causes of things. As they punished the inflammatory and seditious speech as a crime against the state, so they punished the erroneous and false doctrine as a crime against society. The same policy which taught them that the one, if unchecked, would issue in lawlessness and rebellion, taught them likewise that the other would be productive of social relaxation and disorder.

Nor was it expediency only that led them to this course. The motive out of which it rose had a deeper source. They knew that heresy, wilful heresy, was an offence and a crime against God. They did not punish men, as the world's phrase now is, for *errors of opinion*, but for *sins against faith*. They did not punish Pagans, or the unbaptised, who had never been initiated in the religion of Christ, or instructed in his doctrines; they did not punish such as, from no fault of their own, had been brought up in hereditary misbelief, as is the case with thousands at the present day who are strangers to the faith of the Church; but such, and such only, as, knowing the truth, the whole truth, willingly and wilfully perverted and rejected it—in other words, apostates. They knew that no Catholic can violate or abandon his faith without revolt against God; that no one can fall into heresy whose will is rightly directed, and who has taken pains to keep his conscience undefiled. They who have never enjoyed the light of divine faith may change their religious views, and wander from opinion to opinion, so that they do not renounce any vital part of such positive truth as they have in any way received, perhaps without injury to their own moral nature, and without scandal

to their fellow-religionists; but with Catholics this is impossible. In giving up their faith, they throw off the authority of God, and substitute their own reason and will for his revelation and law. This conviction it was which lay at the bottom of mediæval legislation, and made men so intolerant of heresy. As even at this day, and in this country, open blasphemy and the worst forms of immorality are punished, so in times when all Europe was Catholic, and men had a full knowledge of God, and of the truth He had revealed, when, because men had *faith*, they knew what it was to violate faith—how insulting to God, how defiling to the conscience, how destructive to the best interests of humanity—the sin against faith, or heresy, was punished from the highest possible motive from which crimes can be punished in this world—viz. as being an offence against Him who is the Supreme Ruler, Lawgiver, and Judge.

They who uphold the laws against blasphemy and immorality at present in force, or approve the regulations affecting the observance of Sunday, do, in effect, maintain the very *principle* of what is now commonly called religious persecution. They punish for sentiments and practices which they whom they punish regard, or affect to regard, as matters of individual opinion or conscience, with which the public law has no right to interfere; and they do so on the very grounds on which heretics were punished in the times of which we speak, though without the same consistent justification, inasmuch as they admit no infallible religious authority. The whole difference, in practice, between Catholics and Protestants on this question depends upon their comparative estimation of the truth and sacredness of certain dogmas, and on the strength and reality of their respective convictions; Catholics regarding those things to be articles of faith—express revelations from God—which their opponents deem at best but matters of private opinion.\* If Protestants had as strong and earnest a belief in purely Christian doctrines as they have happily retained in the being of a God, and in those great moral principles which form part of natural religion; if they felt acutely respecting them, and had a deep and vivid perception of their truth, and perceived the consequences that flow from their perversion or denial, they would be as intolerant of heresy as were the legislators of those "dark ages" which it is the fashion to decry. We do not mean that they would shew their intolerance in the same ways; Christianity—or let us rather say Catholicism, the benefits of whose civilising influence modern times are

\* On this subject we would refer the reader to two admirable chapters in Balmez's work, reviewed in our September number, entitled, "Of tolerance in matters of religion," and "Of the right of coercion in general."



now reaping, while Protestantism takes all the credit to itself—has moderated the severity of the penal code, and introduced milder forms of punishment; but they would come to regard as sins against religion and morality what now they consider as speculative opinions, for which men are not accountable, and would visit them with penalties accordingly. They would do so on the grounds both of religious obligation and of social expediency.

While, then, we would allow, nay maintain, that the severity of punishment would, under any circumstances, be mitigated in the present day, we are far from asserting that the Church has either departed from, or modified, the principle upon which, in the middle ages, she accepted the support of the secular arm in repressing in the germ those errors of doctrine which surely issue in consequences destructive to society. Circumstances are changed; society, instead of being constituted upon the basis of one recognised faith, is split into a thousand divisions. As laws, therefore, must be made with a due regard to the condition of society, it is not to be imagined that the Church, even had she the power, would avail herself of it in the way of coercion towards populations strangers to her communion and her rule. The Church, as such, never domineers, and never employs the power she may possess in the temporal order, except for the good, and, in a manner, with the sanction, of those over whom it is exercised. That sanction she fully possessed while Europe was united in one common faith; the people themselves would have risen, and did often rise, in indignation against heretics, when the proper authorities were considered remiss. Moreover, every polity or state has a right to make its own laws, and exclude from its body those who contravene them; the Christian polity of the middle ages certainly possessed this right, and the Church derogated neither from her justice nor from her holiness in lending it its countenance and support. But the present polities of Europe are not Christian polities. If, then, it be asked, May it not be feared that if the Church were to gain more power she would endeavour to revive repressive laws against heresy?—it may be replied that the question ought rather to be stated thus: Is Europe likely again to constitute a Christian polity; and, in such case, would her people desire to preserve themselves from the introduction of principles which are the fruitful seeds of internal commotion and eventual dissolution? For ourselves, we can see no difficulty in allowing that the Church both would and ought to avail herself of such a desire to secure so great a good, though the means employed would doubtless, as we have stated, be modified by the softened spirit of the present day,

which, indeed, itself has been the result of her influence and action.

However, we are not left to suppose that it was the religious feeling alone, any more than any political theory, which caused heresy to be so universally detested and so rigorously punished in the middle ages, and which led whole populations to devote themselves to its extirpation with so ardent a zeal. Whole nations do not contend for a mere idea, or take arms to defend themselves from an abstract principle of evil. The bulk of mankind are not to be roused to action by a theory of political philosophy, neither are kings or statesmen usually so far-sighted as to detect the existence of a disorder, or to care for its removal, so long as it is restrained from attacking their immediate interests, or affecting their general policy. The effects of heresy had long been manifest. The princes of the West had been warned by the example of the Eastern empire how religious innovation and disunion undermine the foundations of thrones, and render all social progress and prosperity impossible; they had seen the barbarians rushing in upon a people divided by religious contentions, and heresiarch emperors themselves falling under the advancing power of the infidel. Experience, too, had taught the world that innovators in religion were also, not in principle only, but in fact, preachers of sedition, and that heresy did not remain long in a speculative form, but speedily issued in results so violent and formidable as to call for the interference of the secular arm. The modern vilifiers of the Church may in their ignorance imagine, or in their malice pretend, that in the days of ecclesiastical domination men were punished or put to death simply for their religious opinions, and laugh at the folly of essaying to suppress liberty of thought and speech by legislative enactment. They may affect to believe that the heretics of those times were just such quiet respectable persons as form the large proportion of a population now-a-days in a Protestant country.\*

\* It may be objected that, granting that a large proportion of a population in a Protestant country are friends to social order, it cannot be asserted with truth that heresy is the germ of social disorganisation. Such a concession seems to place us in a dilemma, and either to controvert our principle, or to oblige us to draw a line of distinction between modern and ancient separatists. But this is not so. Every religious error, we contend, contains in it the principle of social destruction. Some strike plainly at the root of social order and morality, and display their true character from the first; such was the Manichean heresy, which for this reason had been detested from the beginning, and pursued with severity, even while other sects were left unmolested; the course of others is slower, and the evil more latent. The human mind does not quickly embrace every conclusion whose premises it admits; evil has its development as well as truth. And yet error in its outset, and while propagated by the wilful malice of the first heresiarchs to whom it owes its birth, seldom fails of giving a forewarning, and, as it were, a foretaste of its ulterior destination;—witness the excesses of the Anabaptists in Luther's time, and the general relaxation of all social bonds, the contempt for the marriage-tie, &c. that then prevailed.

History, however, tells a very different tale. They who have come down to our days under the name of "heretics," and whose well-deserved fate it has been the fashion to surround with a spurious sympathy, as though they were the first martyrs of a purer and more primitive religion, which ultimately triumphed at the era of the Reformation, were for the most part ferocious fanatics, whose cruelty and immorality were equalled only by the blasphemy with which they reviled the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith, and profaned the holiest feelings of humanity;—wretches who would now be delivered over to the gaol and the scaffold with as little remorse as in the olden time they were consigned to the dungeon and the stake. In fact, it was the excesses to which the heretic leaders instigated their followers which armed society against them; and where the worst effects of their teaching were not immediately evident, social and political disturbances invariably accompanied their movements.

The history of all the chief heresies, from Arianism downwards, proves the truth of this assertion beyond dispute; and as regards the

As time, however, proceeds, men inherit error, they do not invent it for themselves; in many instances they are heretics through the fault of their fathers rather than their own. It is right and just to draw a distinction between Protestantism and Protestants; the former is purely what we have stated, a principle of evil, of negation, of destruction; the Protestant is a man imbued, it is true, and corrupted, in a manner, by this principle, but in many, perhaps in most, cases, still retaining a conviction of various truths, fragments of traditionary belief which he has received from his teachers, but which he believes, or thinks he believes, upon various grounds, *e. g.* as being conformable to his reason and so-called moral sense, or as deducible from the words of Scripture. Moreover, the very instinct of self-preservation leads him to desire to uphold such observance of the rules of morality as he perceives to bear upon the general safety and well-being of society. A mixture, therefore, of prudential and worthier motives induces the respectable, the good, and the wise among Protestants, continually to combine to arrest the progress of the mischief, and to throw up, as it were, dams and dykes against the flood of evil threatening to engulf society. At this the politician, the legislator, the influential member of society, incessantly labour, to stave off the evil day by some device, some panacea, some counteractive force; and not without a measure of effect, for, as we have said, they meet in their endeavours with the support of every element of good still surviving in the minds of men, who, though robbed of so much of the heritage of truth, cling with attachment to many of the fragments which they have preserved.

It is true, therefore, speaking generally and externally of certain periods in Protestant states, that they are days of tranquillity and social order; and for this, be it observed, they are in a great measure indebted to the machinery and police of government having been so perfected in the present day, as to give it a coercive power far more stringent than in former ages, and thus to hinder the expansive force of evil in its more patent aggressions on social peace. It is true also, speaking of individuals, that they are in many cases friends of that very morality and order to the destruction of which their erroneous principles legitimately lead, and that upon higher grounds than mere selfish motives. But it is also true, speaking of those states in their more extended history, that containing, as they do, within them the seeds of disorganisation, it is the ultimate goal to which they are hastening with more or less rapidity. They are sick of a mortal disease, while they harbour the very principle of dissolution in their bosom.

sect to which our remarks particularly refer, even Protestant writers have been forward to allow that the Albigenses were a pernicious confederation, whose abominable licentiousness justly brought upon them the vengeance of Europe. The doctrines they disseminated were, in fact, a determined form of the great Manichean heresy, which, taking its rise in the first ages of the Church, though constantly suppressed, was as constantly reviving, and had reached its most formidable height at that most critical period in mediæval history, when Europe seemed to be balanced between civilisation and barbarism, and there was even question whether Christianity was to retain its hold upon the Western world, or to retreat before a worse than heathen depravity of manners. Society was in a state of extraordinary fermentation; the *people* were beginning to emerge from their political obscurity, and the minds of men were on the alert to catch at every doctrine that might help them to the means of self-aggrandisement and power. M. de la Gournerie, in the passage we have quoted, has pretty clearly described the nature of the sect that then occupied the South of France, and was supported by the passive connivance, if not the active influence, of the feudal lords in those parts, who blindly thought to promote by its means their own independence of the supreme authority, as well spiritual as temporal. If we associate in our minds the most profligate and nefarious doctrines which ever disgraced humanity with the social principles of the more extreme Communists and Republicans of the present day, we shall gain some notion of the tenets of this anti-Christian sect; nor shall we wonder at the efforts which, when all milder measures, long and perseveringly tried, had been obstinately resisted, the Popes, as conservators of public order as well as of religion, made, in conjunction with the princes of the time, and with the concurrence of popular opinion, to deliver Christendom from the moral pest to which it was exposed, and to avert the frightful scourge which threatened to desolate not Europe only, but the world.

That great atrocities were committed by the invading army is unhappily but too certain, as our author allows; but it is as certain that these atrocities were the work of one or two individuals, who, deceiving themselves with the idea that they were subserving the cause of religion and the permanent interests of the Church, contravened the express commands of the Pope, practised an unworthy concealment upon him, and made a war, which was conceived and directed in all the spirit of a crusade, and for the holy purpose of punishing extreme wickedness, a scandal to the age, and the means of heaping possessions upon one who, with all his high qualities and heroic zeal, was both unscrupulously ambitious and



unsparing of human life,—we mean, the leader of the Catholic armies, Simon de Montfort. Of the necessity of the war none can doubt who are acquainted with the history of the times. The heresy of the Albigenses was no subtle attack upon particular Catholic dogmas, but an open assault upon the foundations of all religion and morality.

Innocent III. had a duty to society as well as to the Church, and he would have been faithless to the trust reposed in him had he failed to perform it. His position at the head of the great European commonwealth made it incumbent upon him to proceed against the violators of order; he was the chief magistrate of Christendom, and to him the nations looked for direction and protection. Long time did he consume in paternal remonstrance and earnest menace; again and again did he send out the armies of the Church, troops of bare-footed monks and missionary priests, to win back the deluded people to their faith and to the obedience of the laws; and it was not till they had requited his indulgence by the slaughter of his ambassador, that the impatience of his subjects wrung from him the mandate which sanctioned the use of the judicial sword, when other means had proved vain. And yet, in the last extremity, when justice could no longer sleep without weakness or wrong, a way of escape was left open; the worst malefactor was to be received to pardon whenever he submitted himself to the merciful penances of the Church. Until, therefore, society is prepared to resign itself to a general martyrdom, or to tolerate crime in its most unmitigated forms, or until it can devise milder modes of punishing and reforming the greatest criminals than the Church employed in her discipline of penance, let it not impugn the wisdom and charity of this great Pontiff, or the policy of the age over which he presided. Innocent III. will ever deserve the applauses of Europe for the vigour with which he arrested the tide of demoralisation which had already overrun the fairest provinces of the South, and whose inroads would have been as disastrous to the nations of the West as the irruption of Mahometanism has proved itself to the Eastern world. Had the two floods met, as once there seemed danger, the result would have been one universal moral deluge, in which the faith and civilisation of Europe would have been alike submerged.

We must exclude many passages which we had marked for quotation, and proceed to the description which our author gives of the Paganism in every department of art and letters which prevailed at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, and, together with other deeper and concurrent causes, of which it was itself a deplorable symptom, prepared the way for that

outbreak of Protestantism and infidelity, the effects of which seem destined to endure till the end of the world and the final triumph of the Church.

“The search after antiquities was become a business and a passion. A century and a half before the epoch at which we are arrived, Petrarch and Rienzi had begun ransacking the libraries, and clearing away the rubbish from the temples, with a pious ardour. It seemed as if the present was to be completely effaced and annihilated before the recollections of ancient times, and that the future had no hope of glory but by imitation of the past. This impulse had a wide-spreading effect; nor can it be wondered at, for every thing which has survived the lapse of long years, every thing which has endured the trial of ages, is magnified in the admiration of men, whose life is so short, and the memory of whose actions so soon passes away. The study of mythology, and of the Latin and Greek authors, became henceforth the favourite occupation of all the literary spirits of the age; the Rome of the Popes disappeared before the Rome of the Consuls and Emperors, and the universities laboured to familiarise their pupils with the world of Jupiter, Cæsar, and Brutus, much more than with the Christian community amidst which they were called to perform the business of life. ‘The care of the dead is in high commendation amongst us,’ says Montaigne, speaking of the ancient capital of the world; ‘and from my infancy I have been brought up among them; I had a knowledge of the affairs of Rome long before I had any of those of my own house; I was acquainted with the capital and its plan before I knew any thing of the Louvre, and with the Tiber before I knew any thing of the Seine. I had a clearer idea of the condition and fortunes of the Luculluses, Metelluses, and Scipios than I had of any of our own worthies.’\* This worship of antiquity deprived Christian genius of much of its originality and natural grandeur. To such a degree was the field of art narrowed as to admit but one only order of beauty, the elements of which it was necessary to study amongst the ruins of the temples of Paganism. These ruins were measured and restored with an indefatigable skill; calculations were made of their proportions; models were taken of the capitals and the flutings; and every work which departed from an imitation of the ancients was branded with the epithets of ‘Gothic’ and ‘Tudescque,’ though it called itself perhaps Our Lady of Milan, or San Petronio of Bologna. Rome became a place of necessary pilgrimage for artists. Brunelleschi came there with Donatello before raising in the air his admirable dome of Santa Maria dei Fiori. One while he was to be seen crawling, compass in hand, on the cornice of the Temple of Concord; at another drawing a plan of the Coliseum and the Arch of Septimius Severus; or, armed with a spade, searching in the bowels of the earth for some fragment of a column, some bust, or some medal: the people took him and his companion for necromancers, and called them the *treasure-seekers*. Happily this labour of copying did not spoil the talent of these great men; and, as we gaze on their works, in which the antique forms are reproduced with the original conception enlarged and exalted by the Christian idea, we stand in admiration before this wonderful feat of genius.

“At the same time painting, which was at first devoted exclusively to the Christian mysteries, made itself the reflection of Pagan impressions: by the side of madonnas, virgins, and martyrs, by the side of those ‘crucifixions’ in which the angelic beauty of virtue and the hideous deformity of crime had found their most perfect expression, there began to appear Venuses, Ledas, Danaes, seductive images which, instead of elevating the soul, intoxicated it with sensual ideas. The idolatry of form and exterior beauty became the religion of the artist, and he abandoned himself to pleasure as to one who alone could disclose to him all its secrets.

\* Essays, book iii. ch. 9.

"Literature allowed itself to be influenced like the fine arts; or rather, it even hastened and stimulated this transformation in the mind of society. The lofty poetry of Dante was abandoned for the mythological pastorals of Politian. It was no longer allowable to follow any other model but Homer and Virgil, unless, indeed, one could sing of love like Petrarch, or expose vice in her nakedness to make her ridiculous without reforming ourselves, like the story-tellers in the Decameron. Yet up to the end of the fifteenth century the theatre was able to move the feelings and excite a passionate interest in the souls of the spectators by the representation of scenes from the Bible, or of martyrdoms of saints. Celebrated artists—Cecca, Bartolommeo, Della Gatta, San Gallo,—consecrated their talents to painting angels, to representing heaven or hell, in order to give additional brilliancy to these solemn performances; but the moment was approaching at which all these Christian dramas were to appear cold and insipid beside the incest of Myrrha and the adultery of Clytemnestra. Soon men will venture no more to speak of the martyrdom of St. Agnes in presence of that of Iphigenia, or to interest themselves in the patriarchal reminiscences of Jacob, or of Ruth the Moabitess, while listening to the delicate jests of the lenos of Plautus, or the courtisans of Ariosto."

So deep-seated an evil could not take possession of society, at a time when society and Christendom were virtually identical, without affecting the Church herself. Depravity of taste, like corruption of morals, could not, indeed, interfere with the intrinsic holiness of her supernatural life, or impair the purity and integrity of her faith; but it could, and did in places, lower the tone of her popular teaching, and partially obscure her heavenly character; and the extraordinary spectacle is presented to us of an age which retained unalloyed all the mysteries of religion, reviving the mythological forms of the Pantheon, and speaking the language of classical Heathenism. The influence of the Pagan revival invaded the very precincts of the Church, and entered the sanctuary itself. The strange infatuation extended even to the phraseology of the preachers, as we shall see in the passage given below.

Is the Church, then, to be held responsible for this classic mania, and its injurious results, so far as it infected her own members, and penetrated even into her sacred edifices and functions? Assuredly not.

The Church, being a living body, has a living power within, causing her in all things to develop herself in her own proper form, and clothe herself in the outward garb best expressive of her inward mind. We see this power energising in all ages, and combating the pedantic and antiquarian spirit of revivalism, to which man is so subject, and which is ever making its reappearance with more or less accompanying injury, according as it takes a more or less respectable form, and according to the model period which it chooses for imitation. The Church is not a copyist; she adapts instead of imitating, while the pedants of all days are disposed to servile imitation rather than to an assimilating appropriation. But while the spirit of revival-

ism is repugnant to her own, it is not her practice to interfere with the free action of man's mind, save where any thing directly against faith or morals is advanced. Thus, for instance, though ever ready with her protest and condemnation when some proposition of a pantheistic or rationalistic order was enounced, and while keeping an ever-watchful eye over the teaching of the schools, she tolerated the employment of those Pagan forms of philosophy, whose influence has been often so baneful, and whose tendency, though, in the hands of Christian saints and doctors, they might be forced to do homage to the cause of revelation, was ever to separate philosophy from religion, and thus to paganise the intellect, as much as it was the tendency of Paganism, in forms of art, to sensualise the imagination. The Church, then, as such, is neither Aristotelian nor Platonician, Classic nor Gothic; she is the Church of the present in all time, but she permits her children to be all these, as long as first and exclusively they are Catholics, and do not fetter faith and devotion, or worse, run counter to them, by their bigoted attachment to partial, erroneous, and antiquated systems.

Thus much, then, as respects the Church's sanction and countenance, or mere toleration of the classic mania, considered simply in its influence on the *forms* in which art displays itself. But, as we have remarked, she ever keeps a watchful eye upon faith and morals. The enemy is perpetually assaulting these, and one of his most powerful engines in the intellectual order is the spirit of system, by which he strives first to seduce man's higher faculties, that he may more surely render him the slave of the lower. This is no peculiar feature of any single age, though the forms in which it exhibits itself vary with the prevailing spirit of the age. It is the combat between the world and the Church, which meet and intermingle in deadly strife. The Church is never wanting to herself and her high calling in the hour of danger; and when the evil threatens to invade her sacred deposit, then it is that she comes forth in her power, when perhaps her enemies deem her most abased and helpless. Thus were St. Gregory VII. and his holy successors raised up to contend against the simony and corruption of the eleventh century, and thus, immediately following the times of which we speak, a line of saintly pontiffs appeared, the glorious and successful combatants against the Pagan sensualism of the sixteenth.

"The Latin language was in the sixteenth century the object of especial veneration and minutest study. People applied themselves above all to Cicero; they wrote comments upon him, they endeavoured to reproduce the measure and the cadence of his periods, and no word was tolerated which had not first acquired the rights of citizenship by passing through the orations



against Verres or Catiline.\* 'Christendom' was now become 'the Christian republic'; the Sacred College was the 'senate,' heresy 'sedition'; people spoke of 'persuasion' instead of 'faith,' the 'magnificence of the Divinity' instead of 'Divine grace,' 'interdiction from fire and water' instead of 'excommunication'; they no longer spoke of 'God,' but 'the gods.' Thus from absurdity they proceeded even to blasphemy. 'Is it to be believed,' exclaimed Erasmus, 'that if Tully returned from the dead, and were subjected to the influences of our religion, he would find the appellation of God the Father less eloquent than that of *Jupiter optimus, maximus*? the title of Catholic Church less splendid than those of 'Conscript Fathers,' 'Quirites,' 'senate and people of Rome?' No; he would with us speak simply of 'faith in Jesus Christ;' he would speak of 'unbelievers;' he would speak of the 'Paraclete,' the 'Divine Spirit,' the 'Holy Trinity.' Nor was it only poets and scholars who adopted this foppishness of speech: whilst Sannazar introduced all the deities of fable, Apollo, Proteus, nymphs, dryads, hamadryads, into the sublime scene of the stable of Bethlehem, the priest gave utterance to the same mythological language from the pulpit of truth; and the means they employed to excite the feelings of their audience were nearly always borrowed from the sources of ancient history. Let us hear Erasmus give an account of a sermon which he heard at Rome, under the pontificate of Julius II.†

"I was invited a few days before by some learned men to attend this sermon. 'Be sure to be there without fail,' they said to me; 'you will learn, at last, all the harmony which the Roman language possesses in the mouth of a Roman.' I repaired with extreme curiosity to the church, and placed myself close to the orator, that I might not lose a word. Julius II. was himself present; an unusual circumstance, owing to his health no doubt. A great number of Cardinals and Bishops were to be seen there also, and among the crowd most of the literati to be found at Rome at the time. The exordium and the peroration were nearly as long as the rest of the discourse, and they repeated under every possible form the praises of Julius II. He was the all-powerful Jupiter, brandishing in his right hand the trident and thunderbolt, and by the mere movement of his eyebrows accomplishing his profound designs. All that had occurred for some years past in Gaul, in Germany, in Spain, in Portugal, in Africa, in Greece, was but the effect of this intimation of his will; after this came a hundred times repeated the words 'Rome,' 'Roman,' 'Roman mouth,' 'Roman eloquence.' . . . The plan of the orator was to present to us Jesus Christ, first in all the agony of his passion, then in all the glory of his triumph. He called to mind the Curtiuses and the Decii who had devoted themselves to the Manes for the salvation of the republic; he called to mind Codrus, Menæceus, Iphigenia, and other great victims, who had valued their life at less price than the happiness and dignity of their country. The public gratitude had always, at least (added he with tears and a voice profoundly lugubrious), surrounded with its homages these noble and generous characters; at one time it had raised gilded statues to them in the Forum, at another it had decreed them divine honours; whilst

\* "Erasmus has burlesqued this mania most exquisitely in his *Ciceroniana*. He presents us with the *Ciceronian* "dining off ten currants and three coriander-seeds candied in sugar," in the recesses of his sanctum, all the issues of which "are stopped up with plaster or with pitch." There he passes his time in dissecting Cicero, and in reducing all his modes of expression to customary formulæ, for the various circumstances of life. He compiles enormous lexicons of Ciceronian words, Ciceronian phrases, tropes, and epiphonemas, and even of the ideas, the maxims, and the pleasantries of Cicero; all these lexicons are four times as large as the complete works of Cicero."

† It is well to remember that the account would not lose in the telling from the mouth of so caustic and, we may add, so prejudiced a narrator as Erasmus.

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Jesus Christ, for all his benefits, had received no other recompense than death. The orator then proceeded to compare the Saviour, 'deserving so well of his country,' to Phocion and to Socrates, who were compelled to drink the hemlock without any one being able to accuse them of a single crime; to Epaminondas, forced to defend his life against the envy which his high deeds had excited; to Scipio, and to Aristides, whom the people of Athens were tired of hearing called the Just. . . . Could any thing, I ask you, be imagined more cold or more silly? and yet, I assure you, he had sweat blood and water to compete with Cicero. In short, my Roman preacher spoke Roman so well, that I heard not a word of the death of Jesus Christ."

To transport our readers to a very different scene, we present them with the following spirited description of the siege and occupation of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, to which recent events lend a peculiar interest. What would our modern prophets and apocalyptic seers have said, had they beheld Rome in the agonies of such an awful chastisement as is here related?

"The army continued its proud advance upon Rome, although an armistice had been signed with Clement VII.; and on the 5th of May, 1527, at forty-five minutes past four in the evening, from the top of the walls of the city, it might be perceived deploying upon the meadow-lands of Nero, down the slopes of the Marian Hill, and threatening with its close battalions all the quarter of the Transtevere. The Romans could not believe their eyes; some even persisted in seeing in these terrible bands the army of the Duke of Urbino and of the republic of Venice hastening to the succour of the Pope. But Clement did not let himself be imposed upon by this illusion. His anxiety was extreme; sometimes he thought of flying towards the sea, at others of abandoning the Vatican and breaking down the bridges. He had not a single troop about him, for, in his blind confidence, he had just disbanded the Swiss who were in his pay; and was it to be expected that among shopkeepers and grooms there should be found a *corps d'élite* strong enough to resist the enemy? Time, however, presses; Lorenzo da Ceri is charged with the organisation of the defence. Batteries are erected, the fascines are furnished with scalding pitch, and Clement VII. recovers at this last moment of an inevitable crisis all his energy, all his courage. He even succeeds in communicating the same to those that surround him; he represents to them the hostile army without artillery, without victuals, compelled to disperse after the first assault, if that assault should not be crowned with success. The dawn of the 6th of May was hailed by both parties as destined to display their triumph. It rose under the veil of a thick fog, which intercepted the light and made blows fall at random. The Spaniards were at first vigorously repulsed by some members of the Pontifical Guard; their colours were taken, and their standard-bearers hurled into the ditch. Bourbon then precipitates himself at their head: he plants with his own hands at the foot of the walls some boards, some garden-palings, in default of ladders, and daringly scales the fortifications amidst an unceasing fire from cannons and arquebuses. He is followed by his squire, John de Bridieu, and by the German captain Seidensticker, who brandishes a huge war-sabre; but scarcely have they mounted the battlements than Bourbon is pierced with a ball, and his squire falls at his side. 'Soldiers,' cries Bourbon, 'conceal my death, and march forward; the victory is yours.'

"A sort of frenzied rage then seizes the assailants: the German lances themselves, who up to this moment had regarded the assault as impracticable, rush to the ramparts; they cling to the projections of the stones, and are not to be beaten off either by the blazing torches or the pieces of timber which the Romans roll down upon them. At the same time the Spaniards make their

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way through a loop-hole into an uninhabited house in the quarter of the Santo Spirito, and from this house they introduce themselves into the city through the window of a cellar. When the Romans perceived their enemies among them, without being able to ascertain their number, they were seized with a panic, and there was heard on all sides the fatal cry of dismay and tumultuous flight. The walls were at once abandoned, the rout became general, and the tide of the hostile army, pouring through the gate of San Pancrazio, rolled like a torrent down the descent of the Janiculum.

"Then commenced those scenes of horror, that new and unparalleled calamity, or, as Benvenuto Cellini expresses it, *inestimabile novità*, which were to convert the capital of Christendom and the queen of the arts into a tomb and a ruin. The shopkeepers, the Cardinals, and a dense crowd of women and children, sought a refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo; the Pope had himself retired there at the news of the disaster, through the long corridor which Alexander VI. had caused to be constructed to serve as a communication between the palace and the fortress. A deep dejection, a sullen terror, froze all hearts: at every instant, in fact, was heard the shout of 'Slay, slay;' at every instant were heard the cries, of the dying, the shrieks of mothers whose daughters were torn from them, and the dismal crackling of the flames devouring all houses the inhabitants of which had tried to defend themselves. Soon the devastation no longer confined itself to one side of the Tiber; the Sistine bridge was carried without almost any resistance, and every where there reigned consternation and death. It is to the pens of contemporary writers that we must look for the detail of these frightful excesses; it is for them to describe to us the fanatical joy of the Lutherans as they profaned the sacred vessels, bedaubed with ordure the paintings of the great masters, crushed to pieces under their feet the relics of saints, and rifled the graves in the churches; it is for them to exhibit to us these hordes of savages violating and then murdering holy virgins, young girls, and mothers, even in the sanctuary of their homes, yea, at the very foot of the altars where they had fled to ask aid of the mercy of God. 'Many fathers, with poniard in hand, preferred sacrificing their unhappy daughters rather than let them fall into the hands of the conqueror: but—one shudders to say the words—not even so were they able always to preserve them from outrage. . . They who were eye-witnesses of these horrible scenes had no longer tears to shed or voice to bewail; they gazed on them with fixed look, as inanimate as statues. Many mothers, unable to endure the sight, tore out their own eyes with their fingers; others fled away into subterranean caverns, where, no one daring to bring them relief, they perished of hunger. Frequently there might be seen a man, a woman, or a child, precipitating themselves from the top of a house into the street below, preferring to die mutilated on the pavement rather than fall into the power of these ferocious bands; sometimes it was the soldiers themselves who dashed them from the windows.'\* There is no sort of torture which was not invented to force the inhabitants to give up their treasure even to the last trifle. Sometimes the victim was hung up by his arms for several days; sometimes he was suspended above the river with the threat of cutting the rope; he was branded with a hot iron; splinters of wood were driven under his nails. The imperialists who remained at Rome were treated no better than the Romans, for the soldiers, infuriated with blood and debauch, acknowledged neither rules nor country.

"When they were weary of slaughter, and weary of pillage, they abandoned themselves to those gross buffooneries in which the hateful spirit of the Reformation has not unfrequently displayed itself. The lasquenets put on their heads the hats of the Cardinals, dressed themselves in their long robes, and so paraded the city mounted on asses. One day they proclaimed Martin Luther Pope; on another they laid the Cardinal of

\* "The Sack of Rome. By James Buonaparte, gentleman, of San Miniato."

Araceli on a bier and carried him through the streets, chanting the office of the dead; then one among them, mounting the pulpit of a church, pronounced, in the form of a funeral oration, a revolting discourse of impudence and obscenity. And this state of things lasted not only days and weeks, but whole months. Philibert of Orange, who had succeeded the Constable Bourbon, was unable to put a stop to the disorder; Lannoy was equally so: they ended by both retiring, and the soldiers remained their own masters. The history of the Franks estimates the booty at ten millions in gold and precious things, and the ransoms at a much larger sum. Those Germans who had come without coats and without stockings now paraded themselves in dresses of silk or brocade, in the company of courtesans decked out with precious stones torn from remonstrances and reliquaries. The churches, the Pope's chapel itself, had been turned into stables; the crucifixes were riddled with balls, and the ornaments of the altars lay scattered about in the litter with the bones of saints intermingled promiscuously. And now imagine, if possible, the anguish and the sufferings of Clement VII., condemned to be a spectator, from the top of the Castle of St. Angelo, of these impious scenes without power of arresting them. Often he was surprised beating his breast and exclaiming, while raising his eyes to heaven, 'My God, I have put my trust in Thee, deliver me from all them that persecute me: *Deus meus in te speravi, saluum me fac ex omnibus persequentibus me.*'"

We wish we could find space for some of the biographical sketches with which the work is enlivened, especially of the more remarkable Popes, or of the Saints of the Church, as St. Thomas Aquinas, and the two great contemporaries, St. Catherine of Sweden and her namesake of Sienna, or of the eminent artists, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Benvenuto Cellini; but the following account of Galileo must suffice:

"The Jesuits were always the first educational body in Europe. When Galileo made any discovery, it was to them he communicated it before all; and often, he tells us, they made 'very pleasant use of it in their sermons.' Father Clavius, who had written a profound work on the reform of the calendar, was one of those men for whom Galileo entertained the greatest esteem; and the philosopher regarded it as a piece of good fortune when he sometimes met pupils of this religious among the Jesuits residing at Florence, or who came to that city. Father Griemberger was another of his devoted friends. 'He is a great mathematician,' said Galileo, 'and, moreover, my great friend and patron.' When a Jesuit of Mantua attacked the opinion of Galileo on the mountains in the moon, Griemberger and Biancani immediately took up his defence. There was a sweet and noble intimacy in the intercourse which scholars and men of letters maintained with each other, and the happy expression of it is often to be met with in their correspondence. Even whilst the Jesuits differed in opinion from Galileo on the famous question of the earth's motion, their dispute preserved that serious character which gives honour to science. Before pronouncing for the system of Copernicus, Galileo had already given to the world his fairest titles to renown: he had invented the telescope, he had discovered the satellites of Jupiter, to which he gave the names of the *Stars of Medici*, the spots on the sun's disc, and the phases of the planet Venus. One may judge what effect, even at that time, must have been produced by the part he took in support of the astronomical theory of the philosopher of Worms. Copernicus had put forth his ideas with all the coolness, all the natural simplicity, that befits a mathematical question; and although he had dedicated to Pope Paul III. his two treatises, *De Motu Octavæ Sphæræ et de Orbium Cælestium Revolutionibus*.



bus, he had not been interfered with. But Galileo was of a nature very different from that of the learned Pole. Gifted with a genius no less enlarged, there was, in his very manner of expressing himself, that decided mark of a self-confident mind. In discussion he knew well how to lend to science the most abstract the aid of a vehement eloquence and a sarcastic raillery; he possessed, in fine, in the highest degree, every thing calculated to render his system popular, and at the same time to excite against himself violent opponents.

"The first time that we meet with him at Rome is in 1611; the storm had not yet been raised; he is courted and feted by every body; the academy of the Lincei is proud to inscribe him in the number of its members; and every where he meets with nothing but admiration and respect. He returns to the great capital in 1615; but already dark clouds are beginning to rise, his teaching is become the object of numerous attacks, and a priest has hurled at him from the pulpit those words of holy Writ, '*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum?*' We should be wrong, however, in being surprised at the vehement opposition which the theory of the earth's motion encountered. To the notions and settled convictions of more than 5000 years was joined the impression, invariably deep, which is produced by the probability of things, and which resists an apparent impossibility. The course of the sun appeared to be one of those self-evident facts which belong to every one's cognisance, and which only the blind can deny. The belief was consecrated by all the forms of ordinary parlance; and what, moreover, is very worthy of notice, to this very day people speak of the rising and setting of the sun, 300 years after the death of Galileo. The sacred writers had availed themselves of the only expressions which were capable of being understood when they spoke of the motion of the sun and the stationariness of the earth; but these expressions at a time when the new theory was far from being demonstrated were taken by many theologians in their literal sense. They saw therein, not so much one of the ordinary signs of language, as a dogmatic formula.

"Galileo, then, arrives at Rome, where every body is curious to see a man of 'so remarkable a mind,' and to hear his 'astonishing discourse.' It is at the palace Cesarini that we meet with him most frequently: he is fond of that palace on account of Don Virginio, a noble scion of the family Cesarini, and a young man of high promise. Around the philosopher are grouped the most learned men of the Christian capital, and the discussion becomes animated; the 'fiercest assaults' are directed against him; but Galileo beats off his assailants with a smile on his lips; in all he says there is a flow of originality and a point which rarely fails of its effect; it is to be regretted, however, that he does not succeed in establishing his principles with the same ability of which he gives proof when it is only question of demolishing the arguments of his adversaries.

"It was, in fact, very difficult for Galileo to present a complete theory of his system, for at the present day that system is explained only by a train of phenomena unknown at that time, and of which Galileo himself had not a suspicion.\* Thus at every step contradictions and impossibilities came to obstruct his course; and Cardinal Bellarmine ended by prohibiting him, in the name of the Holy Office, from maintaining his opinion for the future. The treatises of Copernicus were prohibited at the same time; but four years afterwards, May 15,

\* "Amongst others, the principle of the gravity of the air, which alone makes the theory of Copernicus explainable. To this discovery have since been added" (I quote Venturi), "those of the aberration of the stars, the reciprocal perturbation of the planetary movement, the diminution of gravitation at the equator, and the true cause of the tides, all the other laws, now understood, of gravitation generally, and finally the velocity which heavy bodies acquire out of the perpendicular, in the direction of the east, in falling from a height." (See a curious article in *L'Université Catholique*, vol. xi. p. 219.)

1620, their sale was again authorised with a few alterations, the object of which was to reduce the new theory to a simple hypothesis. Science would thus have progressed peaceably if Galileo had not all at once, by the publication of his '*Dialogues*,' thrown a spirit of violent animosity into the dispute. In fact, there was a want of openness in the way in which he introduced his discussion; the real argument of the work was concealed under a veil of irony. Simplicius, the advocate of the old system, was ridiculed in it in a manner so much the more insulting as the author pretended to yield him the victory. Galileo even pushed his want of propriety so far as to put into the mouth of Simplicius arguments which had originated with the Pope, taking care to subjoin that he had them from 'the highest and most illustrious authority.' Alas for the extraordinary vanity of genius! the Pope's argument still stands good, while that of Galileo has perished. The truth was, that the subject in dispute in this part of the dialogue was the explanation of the flux and reflux of the tides; Galileo amused himself at the expense of Kepler's simplicity, who believed in the influence of the moon upon the sea, and 'other puerilities of equal weight.' He little foresaw that Kepler's 'puerilities' would one day be the only solution admitted by science, and that his own theory would be declared by Laplace 'contrary to the laws of equilibrium and of the motion of fluids.'

The publication of the '*Dialogues*' was followed by a citation to appear before the Holy Office. It is now necessary not to lose sight of Galileo for an instant, in order to see what foundation there is for the assertions of Bernini, De Montucla, and others, who talk sometimes of an imprisonment of five years, and sometimes of a horrible punishment that was inflicted upon him; there are people that will have that his eyes were put out. Galileo has described in his correspondence all the minutest particulars of his detention at Rome; so that in every thing that concerns him we will have recourse to nobody but himself. He arrives on the 10th of February, 1633, and instead of finding a dungeon, he is conducted to 'the delicious palace of the Trinità del Monte,' now the Academy of France, and lodged with Francis Nicolini, ambassador of Tuscany. Nicolini went immediately to apprise the Pope of his arrival. Urban VIII. remarked to him, that Galileo had followed bad counsels in publishing such opinions, because although he declared he meant to treat of the earth's motion only hypothetically, nevertheless in resuming his arguments he states and propounds them in a simply positive and conclusive form; besides that it was in contravention of the order which had been given him in 1616 by Cardinal Bellarmine. Urban had always been well inclined to Galileo, and of this we need seek no other proof than that expression of Galileo's, written in the very course of his trial, in which he displays the habitual irony of his character: 'I was consigned to the sovereign clemency of this tribunal (the Holy Office), and to that of Pope Urban VIII., who nevertheless deemed me worthy of his esteem, though I was unable to compose either an epigram or a love sonnet.'

"On the eleventh of February, Hippolytus Mary Lancio, Commissioner of the Holy Office, took Galileo in his carriage, and conducted him to the Palace of the Inquisition, 'which is situated to the west of the magnificent church of St. Peter.' He presented him to Monsignor Vitrici, and to two Dominican monks who were with him. Then Galileo commenced explaining the grounds of his opinions, and he did so afresh on the following Thursday in the presence of all the assembled Congregation. Whilst the process lasted, Galileo was lodged in the private apartment of the fiscal of the Holy Office, his own domestic waited upon him and slept by his side, and the servants of the Tuscan ambassador brought him his food. His opinions were condemned on the 21st of June, 1633, not by the Pope, as some Protestants have pretended, but by the simple tribunal of the Inquisition. He was made to retract, as a true Catholic, the opinion that the sun is the centre

of the world, and immovable, and that the earth is not the centre, and that it moves. Then he heard pronounced this severe sentence:—"Galileo Galilei, son of Galilei the Florentine, of the age of 70 years, . . . we condemn thee to the regular prison of this Holy Office for such time as we shall think fit."

It should be observed that the opposition of the Church, which led to this sentence of the Inquisition, Galileo brought upon himself, not by broaching his opinions, and insisting on their probability on the ground of scientific demonstrations, but by pressing them as indubitable truths, by urging the Church to decide that there was nothing in his system of astronomy contrary to Scripture, and by persisting in publishing his conclusions in spite of a formal prohibition to the contrary. That the opinions themselves might have passed free, had not Galileo given them a theological bearing, is plain from the fact that Nicholas V. had raised to the dignity of Cardinal, Cusanus, a German, who had maintained the earth's motion round the sun, and that Copernicus, when astronomical professor at Rome, had brought out his works under the auspices of Paul III. And that Galileo supported his conclusions on inadequate data is as evident, for one of the most convincing proofs which he adduced of the truth of his system was the flux and reflux of the tides, now no longer held to be a satisfactory demonstration of the motion of the earth. And on the general question, it cannot be matter of surprise that, under the circumstances of the case, the ecclesiastical power should be unwilling suddenly to upset the commonly received opinions, which had the literal statements of Scripture in their favour, by giving a religious sanction to doctrines apparently opposed to the Divine Word, and as yet so imperfectly ascertained; and should, therefore, first enjoin silence on the pertinacious philosopher, and on his disobedience require him to abjure his position. But to proceed with our author:

"If we wish to know now in what manner this rigorous sentence was executed, we may learn it from a letter addressed by Galileo to Father Ranieri. 'After five months' sojourn at Rome, I was sent away at the time that the plague was ravaging Florence, and, with

a generous pity, I was given for a prison 'the palace of the dearest friend I had at Sienna,' Monsignor the Archbishop of Piccolomini. My mind at this time enjoyed so much peace and happiness in his agreeable society that it could return to its studies. It was then that I conceived and demonstrated the most part of my principles on the resistance of solids. . . . Then the plague with which my country was infected having ceased at the end of about five months, his Holiness condescended, at the beginning of December 1633, to change the confinement of my residence for that freedom of the country which I love so much. I returned then to the 'villa' of Bellosguardo, and subsequently to Arcetri, where I still remain, inhaling the salubrious air, so near to that which one breathes at Florence, my beloved country.'

"Galileo passed eight years at this little country-house of Arcetri, which was called Il Gioiello (the Jewel). There they still shew his chamber hung with leather, the terrace from which he observed the stars, and a tower known by the name of *Galileo's Tower*, where at times, no doubt, he went to enjoy the view of Florence, and the enchanting landscape of the vale of Arno. But an afflicting blindness, caused by his long labours and old age, soon came unhappily to rob him of these sweet enjoyments, and the consolations which he found in study. Galileo lived three years in this isolation from every thing which had constituted the happiness of his life. When he was dead, the cheerful hill of Arcetri was covered with all the citizens of Florence, attired in mourning, and the remains of the great man were transported solemnly to Santa Croce, where Macchiavelli and Michael Angelo awaited him."

We have noticed these volumes more at length, perhaps, than their intrinsic excellence may have seemed to some to deserve; but we have done so because they are a specimen of a class of publications which we should wish to see more prevalent in this country—we mean, historical works which inculcate principles as well as record facts. We want books of history which, at the same time that they are lively and popular in style, and unencumbered with long and, to the many, uninteresting disquisitions, shall yet really instruct and inform the mind, and give it matter for thought which after-reading may develope and mature. And such, in the main, we consider the volumes we have been reviewing. We can truly say that we have rarely met with any thing which would better serve as an introduction to a really profitable study of the history of the Christian Church.

#### ROME AND THE ABBEY.

*Rome and the Abbey.* The Sequel to, and by the Author of, "*Geraldine*." Burns.

FEW of our readers have not read *Geraldine*. Its wit, its enthusiasm, its lively painting of some of the more gentlemanly phases of Protestantism, and the spirit of romance which animated its author's pen, unquestionably made it one of the most agreeable of controversial and theological novels ever written.

Its merits have, indeed, one undeniable proof, *Geraldine* still sells; a rare thing with a story now many years old.

Its accomplished authoress has now published a sequel to her former production, and we account this her new work to be not the least bold of all the steps that have been taken by one whose energy, courage, and perseverance are well known to so many of the Catholic world. *Rome and the Abbey* is neither



more nor less than a history of the course pursued by its authoress in the foundation of a new religious institute, recently established and in actual operation in London itself. The idea of such a book is therefore perfectly new, and it is no little credit to its writer to have attained any moderate degree of success in her difficult task. The task in itself is so difficult, that perfect success is perhaps impossible. A writer who professedly describes herself under a fictitious character, and under the especial disadvantage of being compelled to write eulogistically of her own conduct, while her personal modesty would impel her to keep silence, has to encounter obstacles requiring almost more than human skill for their conquest. Add to this, that (we believe) no one before ever thought of narrating the foundation of a real religious institute, under the semblance of a tale, introducing at the same time living contemporaries and friends, so that the writer before us has had no landmarks, whether for warning or encouragement, to guide her steps; and we shall have said enough to shew that the Mother Superior of London Abbey has here accomplished a labour from which most ordinary authoresses would have shrunk dismayed.

At the opening of the story we find Geraldine at Vevey, on the lake of Geneva, wending her way to Rome, in company with another religious friend, a priest, and a daughter of the family of the Sinclairs, whose domestico-clerical affairs are made to amuse the reader in the earlier portions of *Geraldine*. The exact ecclesiastical position of the heroine is not distinctly stated. She does not seem to belong to any religious order, and she is entirely her own mistress; but she wears a religious habit, keeps at will a sort of semi-enclosure, is termed "reverend mother," with other peculiarities ordinarily confined to actual nuns alone. Lilia Sinclair, the damsel above mentioned, is a convert, full of ardour and enthusiasm, who is under Geraldine's protection, having been consigned to her care by her old friend Mr. Everard, to whom again Lilia had been made over, as a kind of free gift, to be had for the asking, by her Protestant parents. Lilia herself is very prettily drawn, all through the tale. She divides with Geraldine the chief interest of the book; and though her thoughts at times verge a trifle upon the impossible, her character is well conceived, and painted with considerable delicacy, animation, and skill. She has a couple of lovers, rather boyish ones to be sure, but she refuses her heart to them both; and the end of the story leaves her a novice in the newly-established institute in London.

From Vevey the travellers journey onwards to Rome. Geraldine and her companions, together with Mr. Everard, who becomes a Catholic, and afterwards with Katherine Gra-

ham (also now a Catholic) and various other personages, whose acquaintance the reader will make for himself, are congregated at a certain hotel near the Capitol, well known to most of our readers who have been recently at Rome, for its combined excellent intentions and dirty accommodations, but which our authoress describes as a "pious locanda," in every way charming to the devout. There Geraldine establishes herself in a semi-monastic seclusion, seeing visitors from behind a grating—except when she goes about the city—and keeping even her nearest kindred at a very respectful distance in the way of personal endearments. There also she matures her plan for forming an institute upon the old Benedictine statutes, but combining in one house the active with the contemplative life, which she considers was practically the case in many of the Benedictine abbeys in the middle ages. Various personages are here introduced, some now living, and others, like Cardinal Acton, only lately dead; some appear by name, and others, like one of our English Vicars Apostolic, by description. Cardinal Acton's conversations with Geraldine are precisely those which passed between the venerated Cardinal and our authoress, as she herself informs us. Her presentations to Pius IX. are also related just as they took place; and generally, there is a far larger amount of real events and conversations than we usually meet with in works of fiction. Altogether these are the best parts of the book. Throughout the rest there is a tone of what is called high-flown sentiment, and a *couleur-de-rose* mode of picturing the realities of the ecclesiastical, Christian, and religious life, which scarcely accords with the facts of existence, as it unhappily is found, even in the most favoured spots of this lower world.

The exact nature of this defect we can scarcely characterise by any single phrase. We do not like to call it enthusiasm, or romance, because both enthusiasm and romance are often very excellent things. We cannot call it unreality, or, much less, fanaticism, for it is far from meriting any thing so severe. The fault, such as it is, arises partly from a certain tendency to credulity on the part of the accomplished writer, and partly from her dwelling too much upon the world within her own breast, and seeing every thing without through the brilliantly coloured atmosphere of her own imagination. When she *does* escape from this region of fantasies, and sketches the scenes of life as she has actually beheld them, few writers possess a greater power of pleasing and instructing, as *Geraldine* has fully testified. But ordinarily, in the present work, she preserves a certain strain of thought and feeling which, admirable as it is in intention, is scarcely *real*; and which, in our humble judgment, is not likely to do so much good

as a more unvarnished tale of life, as it is, would probably have produced.

The same tendency of mind betrays our author into an occasional passage or incident in which we think she is scarcely warranted by any trustworthy authority. The whole account of Lilia's instruction by Father Duago, at the time of her reception into the Church, we cannot but regard as passing the bounds of probability; and we cannot believe that any priest would be justified in teaching a child so much that is a mere matter of opinion (however highly sanctioned, or even certainly true) as if it was a matter of *faith*. For instance, Father Duago—was there ever such a Jesuit?—tells Lilia, as an undoubted truth of Christianity, that the human race was created in order to supply the place of the fallen angels; and that faith, hope, and charity, and other virtues, are brought to the soul each by an individual angel.

Another point which appears to us extremely objectionable is the marvellous facility with which Geraldine is represented as believing herself favoured with special divine inspirations. We speak on this subject with great diffidence, knowing that it is as necessary to be cautious in asserting that the ideas which arise in the minds of pious persons are *not* inspired as that they *are* inspired. But we cannot help thinking that the heroine of *Rome and the Abbey* is sometimes represented as assuming that the thoughts which arise within her are direct manifestations of the Divine will, without any of those proofs which are essential to the preservation of the soul from most serious evils. If we might venture so far, we should say that the work before us scarcely recognises the nature of the difference which exists between those thoughts of the mind which we are justified in merely believing that Almighty God approves, and those which are positive inspirations of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand, it is one of the characteristics of an inspiration, that it is produced in the intelligence by a communication from God, *not* in accordance with the laws by which thoughts at other times spring up within us. The laws of thought are, indeed, a profound mystery; but still, we must consider that they *are* laws, which are not broken, however powerfully they may be controlled by the ordinary operations of divine grace on the soul. When we pray for divine light and guidance, whether in the most trifling or the most momentous affairs of our lives, we are warranted in believing that, if our prayer is sincere, it does really bring down upon us the illuminating teaching of the Holy Spirit; but we believe that this result takes place in strict accordance with the laws by which we naturally think, remember, imagine, or exercise any one faculty of our minds. The particular *modus operandi* of the enlightening

presence of grace we cannot pretend to fathom, nor does God give us any sensible proof that it is *certain* that He has answered our prayers. We are compelled still to act upon what seems to us, after mature deliberation, to be wise and prudent; we look upon our decision as an act of our own judgment after all, only hoping and trusting that it is purified and guided by Almighty power. All this is what every Christian has a right to expect in answer to heartfelt prayer.

But when we come to what is termed an *inspiration*, matters are far different. A person who receives an inspiration is made the subject of a direct communication of the Divine will, on which he is bound to act, wholly irrespective of any judgment he may himself have formed on either side of the question before him. An inspiration is not the necessary result of prayer, even of the most exalted saints. Sometimes it is given without any prayers at all being offered for it. Sometimes, as in the case of Balaam, it is, as it were, forced upon an ungodly and resisting intelligence. When we would ascertain whether the thoughts in our minds are truly an inspiration or no, it is not sufficient to consider whether we prayed fervently for them, and whether they appear holy and wise to our personal judgment; other tests must be applied, which, whatever they ought to be, we think are not applied in the incidents to which we allude in the present work. All through it is unhesitatingly assumed that the heroine has received a direct call from God to found the new institute. And not only is such an inspiration distinctly claimed, but various miracles are reported as having been vouchsafed by Almighty God to encourage her in her work, with a special sanction of its peculiar character. It is even stated that Cardinal Acton and two other persons appeared after death, in order to manifest the Divine approbation of the work. Cardinal Acton is, indeed, asserted to have appeared repeatedly after his decease.

"On each side of the holy Cardinal," writes our authoress, "who had been their best friend on earth, and was now often seen radiant in glory above the high altar of the church, Sister Agnes had that day marked with joy, on the saint's right hand, the, to her, well-known countenance of the late Superioress of the Perpetual Adoration in Rome, dressed according to her order in the crimson scapular, and other insignia of her vocation. On his left hand stood a taller, fairer religious, in venerable, yet blooming age; the dress, in every detail, was that of a Sister of Mercy. Could it be the beloved and lamented foundress of that congregation? On the following day, in heavenly condescension, the sainted three re-appeared; and the blessed Catherine MacAuley, dressed in the cloak and bonnet, with the speckled straw-basket for the visitation of the sick poor, appeared with characteristics of feature and complexion so marked, that Sister Agnes, who had never beheld her in life, was enabled to describe what she saw to the entire and grateful content of her who saw not, and yet believed!"

Now, not for a moment would we assert



that the author who thus describes her own case has *not* received such a call from Almighty God. But we consider that in making a public statement of her conviction that she has been positively inspired, she should have furnished us with a knowledge of the tests which she applied to those ideas which, after all, might have been the mere natural suggestions of a pious, energetic, and able mind. On one occasion she actually goes so far as to make Lilia receive an inspiration to put on a white frock!

If the subject of this story had been a pure fiction, we should not have spoken so seriously upon this defect. A writer is justified in making the creatures of his invention just such as he pleases. But when so delicate and important a matter as the foundation of a religious order is involved, we should have been glad to have seen even the slightest blemishes of a theological character, at least, most scrupulously avoided. All persons have, of course, in like manner, an abstract right to *believe* that what they conceive to be visions or inspirations are really such; and, further still, with the exercise of due caution, all persons have a right to publish that opinion to the world as their personal opinion. But when these supposed visions and inspirations are claimed as the basis and sanction of an actually proposed or actually existing religious order, the state of the case is entirely changed. The question then becomes one for the decision of the proper ecclesiastical authorities; before whom all such subjects should be formally laid prior to any single practical step being undertaken in conformity with their supposed dictates. Indeed, in matters of far less moment we do not believe that any competent theologian would uphold us in altering the ordinary course of our daily Christian life, on the ground of a supposed inspiration, without the previous sanction of that particular authority to whom we owed allegiance. Knowing the extreme peril of delusions of this nature, we should not like to walk across a room (when the ordinary rules of our life forbade it) in accordance even with the strongest personal conviction that we were *inspired* to do so, without the sanction of those who alone are competent and have the right to decide such questions.

Having thus discharged our rather painful duty, we shall, without farther delay, proceed to quote a passage or two from *Rome and the Abbey* which may give our readers an idea of the objects its author has most in view in its publication.

The Abbé Gerbet, one of the most eminent of the living French clergy, is introduced thus discussing the system and details of the new order with its foundress. We must conclude that it is a real conversation which is so re-

corded. From the first few sentences of the extract, our readers will gather the species of *inspirations* to which, as we have said, the authoress lays claim.

"Geraldine, once a Sister of Mercy, was to become a solitary of Jesus—a silent adorer of his sacramental presence, a choral vocalist to his praise, a meditative, studious recluse, and to associate to her devotions and employments other kindred spirits. But could she forget the poor? Could she forget that a voice had once said, 'Sick, and in prison, and you visited me not?' Behold here the mental conflict of years. Behold the vision of the perpetual adoration in her cell, with other celestial invitations to personal seclusion, and yet the ever-recurring inspirations to deeds of charity and mercy! And now the struggle is past. The mystery is solved. This new branch of the Benedictine Order contains, besides the usual two ranks of choir nun and lay sister, an intermediate class, to whom are confided the 'spiritual and corporal works of mercy,' under the title of 'Handmaids of Jesus and Mary.'

"Next to the holy Cardinal, the mind that had the most immediately grasped the whole scope of the institute was that of the celebrated Abbé Gerbet, at that time chaplain to the two Russian Princesses. He had not actually left the walls of Rome, but had removed from the Locanda to the Princesses' villa, near St. John Lateran, where, in a cool alcove formed under the ruined aqueduct of Nero, he was continuing his work entitled 'Sketch of Christian Rome;' and as he was aware that our English pilgrim was still to be found in the holy city, he occasionally returned for a day and night to his old rooms, and, notwithstanding his laborious studies and weak health, would not only pass a leisure half-hour in spiritual recreation with the religious, but still more, kindly consented to the thought and responsibility of giving his comments on the manuscript she now presented to him.

"In about a fortnight the abbé brought it back, saying, 'I perceive, madam, that you have, in fact, two active bodies in your institute, and that those who are wholly contemplative form the middle body. In this you have, perhaps unconsciously, followed the principles laid down by Saint Bernard and Saint Bonaventura, who, in treating of the active life, hold that it ought to precede the contemplative: and again, that when the soul has been nourished and strengthened by divine love in contemplation, she should occasionally return to action; not, as in the earlier career of the active life, to lay up a store of good works for herself, but to benefit others.'

"'You mean,' said the religious, 'that those holding offices of trust in their convent must necessarily lead a mixed life, however contemplative may be the order of their vocation?'

"'Yes, I do mean this,' replied the ecclesiastic. 'Superiors and officials in a convent cannot be wholly contemplative. However secluded the position of the convent, however strict the enclosure, the duties entrusted must oblige them to descend from the solitude of their preference to the action required of them. Saint Bernard declares that seldom did his monks leave him a single half-hour to the repose of contemplation. It is, therefore, well for the soul to have been previously occupied with God alone in solitude, or at least in the solitude of the spirit: that during some years he has lived undisturbed by public or private concerns: and, to continue in the words of Saint Bonaventura, that he has not 'occupied himself with the temporal affairs of his relations and connexions, remembering them only in reason, in piety, and compassion. Nothing of himself, for himself. The contemplative soul must cast every thing rapidly behind him, and become as if insensible or dead, that he may give himself up to God alone, unless some necessity, in spite of himself, should hinder him.' In your proposed institute, madam, there is such a body of blessed contemplatives, who, whether they have passed through the active life in its first state,

or have at once been called by the Divine Spouse to be alone with Him, are to furnish those who govern the community, and who, in so doing, return to the active life in its second state. With respect to this body of contemplatives, I observe that you have again followed those two great masters in the spiritual life, Saints Bernard and Bonaventura, in protecting Mary from the well-meant persecution of Martha; for what says Saint Bernard?—'Be not surprised if he who works and does good murmurs against his brother who remains in the inactivity of contemplation;' because we find in the Gospel that Martha did thus with Mary. But we do not find that Mary murmured against Martha for not imitating her conduct. Could you have believed that, in the house where the Lord is received, the voice of murmuring should be heard! Happy the house, and blessed the community, where Martha complains of Mary! And behold the prerogative of Mary—in every circumstance God is her advocate. 'The Pharisee is indignant with her, her sister complains of her, the disciples even murmur at her; yet she remains silent, and Christ replies for her. Let Mary, then, remain in peace; let her taste how sweet is the Lord; let her sit at the feet of Jesus in security and devotion, beholding Him, preserving her soul in his presence, and receiving every word from the mouth of Him whose tenderness is lovely, and whose speech is sweet! for grace is poured forth on his lips, his beauty surpasseth that of the sons of men, and the glory even of the angels. Rejoice and give thanks, Mary, who hast chosen the better part. Blessed are the eyes which see what thou seest, and the ears which deserve to hear what thou hearest. Blessed thou who receivest the Divine whispers in the midst of that silence in which it is good for a man to expect the Lord.' This for Saint Bernard. And now, madam, I will turn to a part in your Constitutions which, for its prudence, I the more especially admired. It is a good commentary on Saint Bernard's text, 'Let Mary, then, remain in peace.' The reverend abbé then opening the manuscript, continued: 'The part I allude to is from the chapter relating to those entitled 'The Handmaids of Jesus, or the Active Sisters of the Institute.' Thus—'As these religious sisters are constantly employed in advising, instructing, consoling, and reproving others; commanding every respect and obedience from their auditors, and receiving on all sides applause and admiration; let them rejoice to occupy in the abbey no offices but those specified in the Constitutions, of the almoner and portress. Let them employ their monastic hours in renewing the purity and fervour of their vocation—in leading an interior and hidden life, in performing with humility the penances in choir, chapter, and refectory. Let them delight to be no longer teachers, but listeners; leaving the anxious cares of the mistress, to become a little child in simplicity and peace.' This is a law full of prudence, madam—this will prevent all rivalry and confusion in your abbey.'

"Have you remembered, reverend sir," said she, "the request I made you in your last visit respecting the head of the active sisters, under the title of the Mother Almoner?"

"I have, indeed, remembered the request with which you honoured me," said he. "It was to place her for you exactly where she ought to be among the officials of the abbey; and I assure you, reverend madam, I did not attempt so important an affair without great thought: the Mother Almoner has, in consequence, become a sort of spiritual daughter of mine—I hope she will behave extremely well, and so justify my solicitude for her interests! I considered that in the Benedictine Order, on which your institute is based—the government being that of Abbess, Prioress, Sub-prioress, and Economist—considering that of these the Sub-prioress, having the charge of the choir duties, is more especially the 'Mary' of the community, and considering further that the Economist has generally the immediate government of the lay sisters, who are, or ought to be, subordinate to the missionary sisters, I placed my client, the Mother Almoner, in quality of 'Martha,' next to 'Mary,' the

Sub-prioress. On looking again through the distribution you had made, I think I was right; for you legislate for choir nuns and lay sisters, but introduce an active body of perhaps well-educated women into the institute, who, having the privilege of ascending hereafter to the choir duties, ought at once to be placed above the lay sisters: therefore their immediate superior and representative should hold her middle place, between the representative of the choir nuns and the representative of the lay sisters. Are you pleased with this arrangement, madam?"

"Perfectly so," replied she; "it is where I supposed, reverend sir, that you would place your 'client.' In France, as in England, we are accustomed to find well-bred and well-educated women in the active and uncloistered religious life. Not so in Italy: the different ranks in religion are preserved with the greatest care, not, of course, from worldly pride, but for the sake of conventual peace; and all those orders or congregations devoted to popular instruction, or to the care of the sick, are composed of pious women in humble life, whose portion is given from a fund under the disposal of certain functionaries, or from endowments made by noble families. It would be difficult, therefore, to make an Italian ecclesiastic comprehend that any of our future active sisters could be eligible to pass into the rank of choir nun. I have laid down the reasons for affording such a possibility," added the religious, "in the first chapter of the Constitutions:—but, as you are looking at your watch, we will discuss this point another time. And now give me your parting blessing!"

Our next quotation is also matter of fact; though some of the personages concerned are fictitious.

"On the morning of the 7th of April, our religious pilgrim was informed that his Eminence Cardinal Acton approved of the application made to him from other quarters, that she should, as Lady de Grey—a convert whom many circumstances had made a public character—be presented with her fellow-converts on that memorable day to his Holiness, in the Quirinal Palace. As to her own private request, to be excused so public a presentation, she heard nothing in reply; and was assured by the ecclesiastic who conveyed to her the wishes of his Eminence, that it would be in vain to seek further explanation—the audience-chambers were closed, and his Eminence had retired, extremely indisposed, within his private rooms. The hour appointed for all the English converts in Rome to assemble in the ante-room of the Papal audience-chamber was four in the afternoon, and the intermediate hours were busily employed in arrangements according to each person's feelings and position. Lilia obtained permission to put on the postulant's habit, already blessed by Mr. Terrison, and from that day to return no more to the dress and ornaments of the world. Katherine Graham was making her final purchases of crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, to be blessed by the Pope, and skirmishing without spleen, but most energetically, because the word 'English' and not 'British' was used by every one in Rome, as if Scotland had ceased to be a nation. Mr. Everard was laying down his positive commands to Mrs. Moss to remain humbly hidden, with her friend and fellow-convert, behind the group of ladies, on their own side of the Papal ante-room, and not to give any outward token that she remembered his existence. 'For,' said he, 'as there is no train of thought, or studious investigation, which you will not interrupt to talk of warmth or cold, or food or repose; so is there every risk, but for a timely prohibition, that you would rush out upon me, with some physical dilemma, at the very instant when, having kissed the Pope's foot, I had arrested his notice and was enjoying the privilege of a few words from Christ's Vicar on earth!' Our pilgrim was making her immediate preparation for an interview, which had had the distant preparation of many months, but which now required some additional thought, as she had every



reason to believe that the kind offer of Cardinal Acton to write to Monsignor Medici, the chamberlain, had been frustrated by the illness of his Eminence, and that many things therefore would fall upon herself to state.

"At four o'clock, carriage after carriage was rolling along the various streets leading to Piazza di Monte Cavallo, and, by the half-hour after, the destined room in the Quirinal Palace was filled with those privileged to unite under that august roof. As deep emotion filled the breasts of some, anxious expectation that of others, and not a few were absorbed in classifying the crucifixes, rosaries, and medals, which they had brought to get the Papal blessing, the select crowd was a silent one, each group whispering, and but partially mingling with other and perhaps well-known parties near them. One of the whispers was from Lilia to her brother Frederick, 'Oh, look, dear Fred, how many priests! Young, and with much apparently to offer to God, of beauty and of love!' At length the folding-doors were thrown open, and, attended by a few of the Guardia Nobile, his Holiness Pius the Ninth stood in the midst, as a father among his children. The Pope first addressed the gentlemen who were ranged on that side of the room, and received their homage; then, before the ladies could advance, the English ecclesiastic appointed to conduct the presentations to his Holiness drew our friends immediately forward, and the pilgrim Geraldine was at the feet of Pius the Ninth.

"Ah!" exclaimed his Holiness, 'a nun—a Benedictine!'

"After kissing in deep submission the foot of him who represents our Lord Jesus Christ, she replied, 'Holy Father, I humbly hope to become such.'

"You hope to become such!" repeated the Pope. 'Of what order are you, then, my daughter?'

"The history then commenced, but scarcely from herself, the English dignitary who presented our pilgrim recounting every thing with an accuracy and zeal which left her nothing to add; and she remained on her knees, with her arms folded on her breast, watching the countenance of the Pope, who, finding that the English nun before him was the same to whom he had already granted the rescript of encouragement, and who was openly protected by the Cardinals Fransone and Acton, stooped down to speak to her in a low tone, granted her immediate and confidential request, and promised her a private audience whenever she might wish or require it. So long did his Holiness condescend to continue speaking in this low tone, bending over her, that both private and public audience were included in this memorable day, and it was several months before she again sought an interview with this true father, priest, and king."

We can now only find room for Gerald-

ine's second presentation to the Pope at Gaeta; recording, as it does, his Holiness's lively good-nature, and what would be familiarly termed his "rap" at our English passion for all things English.

"At length it was in order for the English religious to enter the audience-room; the canonico advanced a few steps before them, and then, Monsignor Medici conducting them forward, they were once more, and in farewell, at the sacred feet of Christ's Vicar on earth. After the usual prostration and salute, they were favoured by kissing the ring and hand of the Pope; and then, being still on her knees, the elder pilgrim humbly presented the copy of the rule, in folio, which had been beautifully bound in white vellum and gold, with the Papal arms stamped in the centre. His Holiness smilingly received it, saying, 'Oh, che galanteria!' and, turning over the first leaf, read the dedication, in which Sister Mary Agnes' name followed that of the mother superior's as the associated foundress. He laid his hand on her arm, saying, 'Questa dunque è Suor Maria Agnese di Gesù?'

"Never had the countenance of Pius the Ninth looked so benignly beaming as during that interview; and with paternal goodness and patience, his Holiness, although he remembered the senior religious, yet looked over all the documents previously accorded in Rome, and promised that whatever Cardinal Fransone should write for on their account should be granted. His Holiness then kindly conversed with Lilia, and congratulated her on the heavenly grace vouchsafed her; and then turning to Sister Mary John of the Cross, and finding that she did not understand Italian, he exclaimed, 'Ah questi Inglesi, ecco che restono sempre Inglesi, perchè non vogliono dire un 'Miserere' che nella lingua loro: e come ha fatto la poverina, senza potere dir le sue miserie?'

"The reverend canonico then explained that in Rome Sister Mary John had had the constant advantage of an English confessor, and that at Valmontone a confessor understanding English had come at intervals from Albano, a missionary father of the Precious Blood, and the Pope was satisfied. His Holiness then blessed with indulgences their spousal rings, and pectoral crucifixes, and the rosaries destined for England; and the parting time had arrived. With true filial veneration, affection, and emotion, the English pilgrims again prostrated to kiss for the last time, and under circumstances of such adversity, the feet of Christ's representative on earth. Could they have yielded to these feelings they would gladly have lingered, but this might not be. They received the last benediction, and retired."

## SHORT NOTICES.

### *Invocation of Saints proved from the Bible alone.*

Substance of an Address delivered by R. Simpson, Esq., B.A., at a Discussion between him and Dr. Cumming, at Clapham. Burns.

MR. SIMPSON'S texts and exposition on the subject of intercessory prayer are very complete and valuable. The *proof*, however, of Invocation of Saints from the Bible alone is necessarily defective. We cordially trust much good has arisen from the discussion, but we have little faith in the virtue of public theological disputes, especially with men like Dr. Cumming. In such cases the unscrupulous rogue generally puts the honest man to shame, simply because he is ready with a falsehood whenever truth fails him. Those who still think that Dr. Cumming tells the truth should read the note at p. 35 of Mr. Simpson's tract.

### *Pilgrimages of St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By Erasmus. Translated, with Notes, &c. by J. G. Nichols, F.S.A. Westminster, Nichols and Son.

FOR the wise, the learned, and the steadfast, such re-publications as this translation of one of the witty attacks of Erasmus against the Catholic religion will not be without profit. They shew how the best things are liable to abuse, and in what way abuses, whether real or imaginary, strike men of the world like the keen-eyed and unbelieving author of these Pilgrimages. Mr. Nichols's translation is well executed, and the notes contain a good deal of information as to the popular feeling of the enemies of the Church respecting pilgrimages, relics, shrines, and so forth. As a fair and candid account of the real state of morals and doctrine in the Church

of the time, Erasmus's satires are no more to be relied on than a Mahometan's account of the creed and practices of Christianity. The book, we may add, is remarkably well got up.

*Handbook of Medieval Geography and History.*

By W. Pütz. Translated by the Rev. R. B. Paul. Rivingtons.

PUTZ appears to be a Protestant; but if he is, he is a clear-sighted and honest one; and in compiling this outline of the history of medieval times, he has steered clear of the rocks and shoals which beset the chronicler in every direction. As a general and brief manual for students and teachers, and as a book for rapid reference, his Handbook is unusually well planned and executed. A more useful, and less dry, work of the kind we never met with.

*Menzel's History of Germany.* Translated by Mrs. G. Horrocks. Bohn.

THE translator of these volumes (which are among the last issued of Bohn's extremely cheap series) is greatly mistaken in supposing that Menzel is "perfectly free from bigotry." His book is strongly Protestant and Anticatholic. Nevertheless, as far as we have looked into it, it appears a lucidly written and clever, though rapid, sketch of the destinies of the great German race, and will be serviceable to all who know what Catholicism really is, and are thus able to judge

what the theological views of such writers as Menzel are actually worth.

*Mylin's History of England.* Sixth Edition. Richardson.

THE sixth edition of this deservedly popular manual speaks well for the permanence of its reputation. The latter portion has been judiciously enlarged, and brought down to the present time.

*The Dublin Review* for October contains, besides other papers on important subjects, two articles especially worthy of attention: a short one on Father Faber's Hymns, and a longer and more elaborate essay on the parables of the New Testament. It shews, by many admirably worked-out illustrations, the impossibility of a true and genuine appreciation of the parables of our Blessed Lord by any but the devout children of the one true Church. So far it strikingly confirms our remarks in our last number on the great truth, that the Bible belongs to Catholics alone.

*Scapulars of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.* Printed on Linen and Silk, from a Design by H. Doyle, Esq. Burns.

A VERY happy effort of Mr. Doyle's chaste and Christian pencil. Printed on silk, these designs form one of the most elegant things of the kind we know of.

## Correspondence.

### REVENUES OF THE DISSENTERS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—I have read the article in your last Number on the "Money Prospects" of the Catholic Church in this country, and it has occurred to me that a few facts might not be uninteresting to your readers, pointing, as I think they do, to the only course which can rescue what we all so much love from her embarrassments.

If our circumstances should ever be laid before the followers of John Wesley, they would surely say to us, See what we do! Now the Wesleyans number from three to four hundred thousand members, which may be taken to represent a population of somewhere about a million, or from that to twelve hundred thousand. The Catholics in Great Britain are generally stated to be about one million five hundred thousand, comprehending a vast body of paupers, a small section of the middle classes, and a still smaller one of our very wealthy gentry and aristocracy. The Wesleyans comprise a number of poor persons, myriads of our artisans and labourers, a good slice of the shopocracy, and the most moderate sprinkling imaginable of the educated class living upon independent incomes. It is admitted at the outset, that Wesleyanism is rather better off in the way of pecuniary means than Catholicism; but yet not so much so, when all circumstances are considered, as to fail in furnishing us with an illustration of how much may be done by well-organised energy.

In one word, then, the Wesleyans are not an opulent community; and, beyond all question, they are less numerous than ourselves. Yet, in connexion with their Conference, they maintain

in quite competent respectability as near as possible twelve hundred ministers, all of whom may be married men, besides supplying what they consider the spiritual wants of upwards of four thousand congregations. They also pay the interest of a most enormous debt upon their numerous chapels; their Sunday-school scholars are reckoned by tens of thousands; they support the incessant expenses of a rotatory and itinerant ministry without grudging; they distribute tracts to an inconceivable extent throughout those districts where their doctrines are prevalent; they raised at their recent centenary jubilee nearly a quarter of a million in sterling money; and they now gather and expend every year for foreign missions amongst the heathen the astounding revenue of one hundred thousand pounds! Why should not Catholics, if they cannot do all this, at least aim at something of the sort?

But let us look for a moment at what the Evangelical Dissenters of this country do *en masse*! In 1838 the Congregationalist chapels amounted to 1840; the Methodist of all classes to 4230; the Baptist to 1741; the Presbyterian and Moravian to 130; in all, 7950 chapels! Now it is a well-ascertained fact, that these various places of worship are attended by from two to three millions of people, more or less; that they represent, speaking statistically, about four millions of souls; that a minister of some sort or other is maintained for every 506 hearers or attendants; that all kinds of religious societies are supported beside, for schools, tract-distribution, and home or foreign missions; and yet these four millions, raising all the necessary means for supporting such an outlay, are far from embracing any very



considerable proportion of affluent persons. When Dissenters get rich and genteel, they speedily become absorbed into the Dead Sea of the Establishment; for, as is abundantly well known, no shape of nonconformity will stand a carriage for two generations! The seven thousand nine hundred and fifty conventicles,—I repeat it,—thrive or exist through the well-organised and energetic efforts of a multitude not three times the number of Roman Catholics in this island, and very little richer in proportion than they are. This mighty result is produced and supported after a manner analogous to that in which the coral reefs are formed in the Pacific Ocean, namely, *the union of members, individually any thing but powerful, yet well directed towards the accomplishment of one given purpose!* Allow me most respectfully to ask, why Catholics should not go and do likewise?

I will trouble you with only one instance more, and that shall be the present noisy and bustling Presbyterian Free Church of Scotland. Their numbers are not seven hundred thousand, many of them very poor; and yet they raised for religious objects in the year 1847-8 the enormous sum of 221,589*l.*, including the maintenance of one pastor for every 938 members! Mr. Conder, than whom no one can be better informed, states the salaries of Dissenting clergymen generally as ranging from 50*l.* to 600*l.* per annum; and the average he takes is 110*l.*, which, divided amongst 506 members, assigns rather more than four shillings per annum as the sum contributed by each. The Free Church of Scotland, as will be perceived, gives about six shillings each as the yearly cost contributed by each member. Your proposal, therefore, of twopence per week per family is much under either of these. In the name of all that is honest let something be done immediately, if it were only to demonstrate, by that argument which all commercial nations understand, *that we are in earnest*; and that our religion is the stone cut out without hands, which will one day fill the whole earth!

Believe me to remain, sir, yours very sincerely,

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

Chester Hill House, Woodchester,  
4th October, 1849.

### MONEY PROSPECTS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—When deeply rooted and long-standing prejudices have taken possession of men's minds, nothing short of continued and persevering efforts can remove them; and it is this consideration which induces me to address you on a subject which has occupied so many of your columns, but which, I am convinced, must, if any general reform is to be obtained, occupy many more.

After what has been so ably written on the subject, it would almost appear superfluous for me to point out any of the multifarious and serious objections to be shewn against the present *seat-system* of our London churches; but I will venture to mention some few points which, I think, have not been prominently brought forward. In the first place, one cannot help noticing that, as things at present exist among us, the one great note of the true Church is almost, if not quite, lost. What does our divine Redeemer give as the great distinguishing mark of his mission? Of

miracles He speaks,—of healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, making the lame walk; but greater, far greater, miracle than all, *pauperes evangelizantur*, “the poor have the gospel preached unto them;”—such are his divine and hallowed words. But look around upon the churches of this city, and what do we behold? Take, for instance, one of the largest churches, St. Mary's, Moorfields; in a small space under the organ-gallery, and which will not contain a tithe of the thousands of poor belonging to the district, these children of the Church, so dear to the heart of Jesus, are compelled to *stand*, while from a pulpit at the extreme end of the building a gospel is preached, which it must be physically impossible for them to hear; while the vast majority, who are of course quite unable to enter the sacred edifice, are not even *present* at a sermon. Perhaps this may be an extreme case, but others are very nearly as bad. I can say, from experience, that in the free seats at Our Lady, St. John's Wood, the sermons can often only be heard (so to speak) piecemeal; and I am convinced that it is impossible for uneducated and poor people to have that facility for connecting by a mental effort half-heard words and detached sentences, which exists with many among the more educated classes; therefore any advantage in point of hearing should surely be given to the former; more especially when we consider, that ten or twelve hours' daily bodily work during the live-long week must do much towards incapacitating a man for mental exertion; nor can we be surprised that those whose religious feelings are not very strong should prefer spending an hour in rest at home, to sitting, or more probably standing, in church, while a sermon is preached of which they cannot hear sufficient for it to be intelligible to them.

Another point which seems to be quite overlooked is, that the Church in England holds, or should hold, a *missionary* position; her clergy have the title of “missionary priests;” and yet where is the missionary work? Instead of the church-doors being thrown wide open, to receive the poor wanderers who wish to enter the sacred precincts, every applicant is stopped by a demand for money; instead of going into the highways and hedges, and compelling them to come in, obstacles are placed which prevent their attempting to approach the truth; and of those alien from the fold, few but the careless sight-seers, who pay their shilling for their Sunday's amusement, are ever seen within our churches. Where is the missionary work? Ask those who know the many converts, both rich and poor, who have lately embraced the Catholic faith, how many of them were converted *to the Church by the Church*? Few, very few.\* Among the higher classes, studies, and investigations, and prayers, out of the Church, have been the means by which in most cases God has prepared them for the great grace which He has given them; while among the poor, the society of a Catholic fellow-servant, the lodging in the same house with Catholics, or the being present during the visit of the priest at the deathbed of some Catholic neighbour, or some similar event, will generally be found to have been under God the cause of conversion. That which in other mis-

\* I of course except the crowds of converts made during the retreats given by religious, when the churches are entirely *free*.

sionary countries is the great means of conversion, and always has been from the time of the Apostles, I mean, the preaching of the Gospel, is here almost powerless, every obstacle being thrown in the way of the great masses ever hearing it. Who can tell what, with God's blessing, might be the result in this city of ours, were our churches accessible to those without the fold? were there no barriers, no enclosures, no demands for money at the doors, which drive away those who fain would enter in, or who, should they pass the portals, and yet belong to the immeasurably largest class of mankind—the poor—find themselves thrust into a dark, crowded, unwholesome corner, under a gallery, where either seeing or hearing is all but impossible? Indeed, the missionary character of the Church in England seems to be almost ignored by most English Catholics; we constantly hear people talk as if our churches were simply and solely intended for the use of the Catholics of this or that locality, and as if they had no idea that the clergy had duties towards heretics as well as towards the faithful over whom they are placed by God; as if the conversion of heretics were a merely accidental circumstance, and not one of the great duties of an apostle and a missionary; as if the commission had not been given to preach the Gospel to *all* men, but only to those who have heard it from their childhood, or to those who by external causes have been drawn to the Church; while surely it is rather our duty, by affording every facility, by even holding out every lawful attraction, by using every innocent wile, to draw all men to the Church, to call *all*, faithful or heretic, Jew or Greek, to hear the glad tidings of salvation. Again, within the last few years many noble and costly buildings have been raised to the service of Almighty God; and although the rich have of course had a share in building them, yet in many cases, where painted windows and gorgeous vestments have been the ostentatious offerings of the wealthy, the main structure, the wood, stones, and mortar, the walls, roof, and pavement, have been obtained by the shillings, and often by the pounds, freely, generously given by the poor day-labourer, but which have been earned slowly and hardly, and almost with his life's blood. And at last, when such a church is finished and opened, is it not a shameful and frightful scandal, that these faithful children of the Church, who do so much, and sacrifice so much for her, should be thrust down to the western ends of long-drawn aisles, where, perchance, the altar-bell alone gives any indication of how the Sacrifice proceeds, whilst the well-dressed heretic sight-seer, who pays his shilling for admittance, stalks past them almost to the gates of the sanctuary, and there gazes at his ease? I am sure that many of those who habitually frequent the poor-seats of our churches give to the church, without having any return for it, as much as they would have to pay for a seat in the "enclosure,"—doubtless their reward is in heaven;—and perhaps the reward of some other folks is a "*genteel seat*" (as the phrase goes) in church here below, for which they pay their price as for any other commodity. Supposing even that enclosures were as necessary as their advocates would have us believe, surely some fair proportion of space ought to be appropriated to the poor; but what is the fact? all our churches (except those of two or three mis-

sions lately opened) are arranged on a totally different principle. In most districts the proportion of poor to rich is as ten to one, and yet in none is above half the church, and in very few is nearly that space, given to the poor. Often the enclosures may be observed not nearly filled, while for a great part of the poor it is physically impossible to hear Mass, and this while portions of the church are empty.\*

And now I wish to say a few words on what I conceive to be the only practical means of remedying these abuses; I mean, the introduction of *chairs* into our churches instead of *fixed benches*: and I will first glance at one or two of the objections made to chairs. We are told that chairs are unsuitable to English feelings and habits. I willingly grant they are unsuited to those who would continue the present system; who advocate the separation of classes; who would rather take their place in church beside a man, whose behaviour may be scandalous—perhaps some mocking unbeliever, who, his usual haunts being closed, has come to make a Sunday theatre of the Church,—who would rather pray, if pray they can, beside such a man, let him but be dressed in a good coat, than beside the ragged-jacketed, toilworn son of Erin, who, faithful and true, pours out his whole soul in worship of his God; but is it not a slander to call these *English* feelings? Then we are told that chairs are more *inconvenient* than benches, that moving them is so much trouble, &c. They may have certain inconveniences, every thing in this world has; but I doubt if benches have not as many: take, for instance, that which so often happens, when, after Mass has commenced, a whole row of people have to rise from their knees to allow some finely dressed lady or very stout old gentleman, who can never come in time, to pass to the seat at the end of the bench.

Now, before we turn to the *advantages* of chairs it will perhaps be advisable to state clearly the system pursued with regard to seats on the Continent, and here I refer especially to Belgium. The churches there are arranged in this manner; a bench is placed round the church against the interior walls, excepting, of course, the spaces occupied by altars, confessionals, &c., and similar benches are placed at considerable intervals down the nave, perhaps a dozen or so in a large church, and generally two or three of them are close to the pulpit; these benches are quite free from payment, and are occupied by those amongst the *very* poor who wish to sit, although most of that class prefer kneeling on the floor in other parts of the church. The great mass of the congregation use chairs, the charge for which is two *centimes* on week-days, and four or five on Sundays and holy days. Almost all can pay this without inconvenience, and consequently nearly all use chairs; benches are never paid for; and I must remark, that at the only continental city in which I have seen all fixed seats in the churches, Liège, there is no payment whatever for the use of them.

I cannot see why the above plan might not well be adopted in our churches here. Supposing, for instance, the rates charged were a halfpenny on week-days and a penny on Sundays; surely no

\* I have been informed (I trust erroneously, and I mention it in hopes that it may be contradicted) that no part of St. George's is open without payment at High Mass or Vespers on Sundays, and that consequently those who cannot pay sixpence or a shilling are never able to attend those services.



one can doubt that almost all would pay for chairs, and the amount collected by this means would be very much larger than that obtained by the present system, while the offertory collections would also, I am sure, much increase: they take place in Belgium at every service. To shew that the receipts abroad are very considerable, I may mention that they are often farmed out to the persons who collect the payments for the chairs, who, in the great towns, usually pay a large annual amount to the church, and make a living by the seats into the bargain. A great advantage, to my mind, in chairs is, that when the services are over they can be cleared away and piled up together; whereas benches must always encumber the church. I have never been present at "The Stations of the Cross" in a benched church, but I cannot understand how this beautiful devotion can be at all properly managed in them; it certainly must have a very different effect from that which it has when solemnly performed by priest and people in a continental church, where the aisles are clear of encumbrances. Another advantage of chairs has been touched upon before in *The Rambler*,—they enable fastidious people to choose their neighbours. I should have expected that this consideration, of all others, would have made English Catholics hail their introduction with joy. Chairs also afford a great facility for the collection of the Offertory. I believe I am right in saying (should I be mistaken, I shall cheerfully thank any body who will correct me) that the use of fixed benches cannot be traced to a period much more distant than a century prior to the Reformation, and that their adoption was almost confined to those countries which were preparing to embrace heresy—England and Germany. I may remark, that I have been informed that the plan proposed by you of reserving a place in church for the filthily dirty is acted upon in many French churches, especially the cathedrals.

From the above observations it will be seen that what appear to me to be the principal objects which we should endeavour to obtain are, free entrance and free access for all persons to all parts of the church, except the chancel, chapels, &c., a few benches for the very poor, especially for cripples, and chairs at a low rate for all the rest of the congregation. To this I would add the offertory system, fully carried out, and a constant inculcation of the great and fundamental obligation of supporting one's *own* church and one's *own* pastor, a duty which I have heard, with much surprise, disputed by many English Catholics, who seem utterly ignorant of the *divine right* which those clergy who are appointed by God immediately over them have to support and payment at their hands, in a manner which no other clergy or churches have, and who are in the habit of making private presents to the priests whom they may have chosen for their directors, often not the priests of their district, while they neglect to contribute any thing, or contribute most sparingly, and as a secondary consideration, to the support of their own pastor by the ancient and apostolic method.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Y.

#### BIBLE CONTROVERSY.

[In inserting our correspondent's letter, we must observe that he seems to have overlooked the

meaning of our expression that "texts are of scarcely any use except to puzzle." This is meant to apply to heretics, for the puzzling of whom texts are of the greatest value. An argument in favour of the necessity of an authoritative interpreter, based on the hopeless confusion or indefinite theorising which is the inevitable result of any attempt to *prove* the great Christian doctrines to the individual judgment from the words of Scripture, is a most valuable means for the conversion of unbelievers. But that, ordinarily, Bible controversy succeeds in *proving doctrines* to the independent judgment, we entirely disbelieve. Both truth and error, as a general rule, are conveyed to the mind by other sources. Almighty God did not give the Bible to be the means of converting the world; and as He does not think fit to employ it, *ordinarily*, for the convincing of Protestants and infidels, so (we truly believe) He does not, except in a few cases, permit his sacred words to be the source from which the deceived mind actually draws, by perversion, its errors. False doctrines are received into the mind through some purely human or diabolical agency, and their propagators only go to the Bible in order to bolster up their cause with texts.

The Scriptures, let it not be forgotten, were addressed to the *Church*; and to the Scriptures, Catholics, and Catholics alone, can go with any right to expect instruction and edification. And it is for this purpose alone that almost every one of the authorities whom our correspondent cites uses the expressions he alludes to. Surely our correspondent does not conceive that the Catechism of the Council of Trent is addressed to heretics. It is the teaching of the Church, addressed to her own children. And, in like manner, when we see our Lord and his Apostles appealing to the Old Testament in arguing with the Jews, it must be remembered that the Old Testament *belonged to the Jews*, just as the Old and New Testaments together now belong to the Catholic Church, and to her alone. The Jews were the elect people of God, and an argument drawn from the Old Testament, and addressed to them, was just like an argument from the Bible urged by Catholics to one another in discussing questions of doctrine or morality not yet authoritatively defined by the Church; and was as dissimilar to a modern anti-Protestant Bible controversy as can well be conceived.—Ed. *Rambler*.]

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to a few propositions from an article in the *Rambler* for October, entitled "Bible Controversy and Bible Reading," which appear to be not only false in themselves, but also highly unfit to be maintained in this country, as tending to confirm Protestants in their prejudice against what they call the Scripture-phobia of Catholics.

Your reviewer says (p. 383): "Bible controversy is radically valueless as an instrument for the discovery of truth. Texts are of scarcely any use except to puzzle."

The exercise of reason on the Bible alone can never lead a man to faith, or the full certainty of the truth; for faith is a gift of God, given generally only through the Church. But study, controversy, criticism, are all instruments for the discovery of truth, which often lead a man to re-

cognise the Catholic doctrines as proved to such a high degree of probability, that he has no difficulty in acknowledging the authority of the Church, when he sees that after all, on whatever point you examine her closely, she has so much to say for herself.

Again: "An attempt to convert a heretic, by proving to his private judgment that the doctrines of the Council of Trent are to be found in the Bible, is based upon a dogma which directly contradicts the Catholic religion itself." Private judgment has its own sphere, and in this sphere is supreme. Its office is to recognise the depositary of divine revelation, and its infallible authority. Before you can convert a heretic you must convince his private judgment that the doctrines of the Council of Trent are true; your arguments must vary according to his frame of mind; some will be convinced by being shewn that so many of the reputed corruptions of Rome may be explained by the theory of developments, that there appears to be fair ground for trusting her on all other points. This is Mr. Newman's plan. Others will be convinced from being shewn historically what have been the effects of the Catholic doctrine on the mind, on the heart, on society. This is the plan of Lacordaire's *Conferences*, and of Balmez's celebrated work. Others by the consideration of the notes of the Church, as Milner's *End of Controversy*. Others from Scripture alone; for this class of persons Bishop Hay wrote his *Sincere Christian*; Bishop Wiseman his *Lectures on the Eucharist*; and all the well-intentioned men (and women) whom your reviewer so unreasonably censures have contributed their mites. It is not easy to see how a dogma can be involved in the choice of means to convert a heretic; it is simply a question of prudence, how we shall best prevail on him to present himself before the priest, and claim the gift of faith from the hands of the Church.

He says in the same paragraph that neither the Apostles, nor the primitive Christians, nor the doctors of the Church, nor the Council of Trent, adopted this system: the reverse is true.

In Matthew xxii. 29, our Lord proves to the heretical Sadducees the dogma of the resurrection by a controversial argument from Scripture.

St. Paul (Acts xvii.) reasoned with the Jews at Thessalonica out of the Scriptures, explaining and insinuating that Christ was to suffer and rise again.

St. Luke (ib.) praises the Bereans, because they looked into the Scriptures to verify St. Paul's arguments.

Apollos (Acts xviii.) with much vigour convinced the Jews openly, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ.

St. Cyril of Jerusalem tells the catechumens not simply to believe him, unless he proves what he tells them from the Scriptures.

St. Athanasius' orations against the Arians are scarcely any thing else than Bible controversy.

In the middle ages, St. Ouen says of St. Eloy, that he reclaimed several heretics, "*erat enim ipse in studio scripturarum subtilissimus*;" for he had minutely studied the Scriptures; and of course used them in controversy.

The Council of Trent orders that in "*disputationibus*" controversies the Vulgate should be held as an authentic version of the Scriptures. The Catechism of this Council is nothing but an elaborate scriptural proof of all its doctrines, addressed, I suppose, not to the eyes or nose, but to the individual reason or private judgment.

After all, there is a grace attached to the words of Scripture, which not only goes to the heart, but also enlightens the intellect of the honest inquirer. The Bible is something more than a books of prayers and meditation. Tertullian's objection to Bible controversy is perfectly reasonable; for when the audience is Catholic, i.e. is in possession of the truth, and not in the position of an inquirer, you cannot add to its faith, though you may possibly destroy it, by Bible controversy. At the time of the Reformation again, nothing did more mischief than these public disputations. But now the case is changed. Truth is no longer in possession; error has the pulpit, the schools, the lecture-rooms; then we had every thing to lose, now we have every thing to gain: the multitude are still inquirers; and, as Tertullian says (*De Pros. xv.*), how can we possibly speak to them and argue of the things of the faith, except from the records of the faith? Besides this, the experience of 300 years has rather cooled the confidence of the better informed Protestants in the Bible only; many of them suspect very strongly that after all the Bible is for us.

Allow me to conclude with proposing the following dilemma:—

Your reviewer means, either that Scripture, as interpreted by individual reason, is not the ultimate test of truth—and this is a truism as old as the hills.

Or that scriptural controversy is of no use whatever as a preliminary means of discovering the truth, before we have come to the certainty of faith—and this is certainly a mare's nest; but unfortunately, diametrically opposed to the universal practice of the Catholic Church.

Hoping that you will be able to find a place for this in your next number,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, P.

## Ecclesiastical Register.

### CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, WOODCHESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

On the 10th ult., the church just built by Mr. Leigh at Woodchester, near Stroud, was consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Hendren, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, and a considerable number of Catholic clergy of the Western

District. The church is attached to a house of the Passionists, who are about to build a monastery adjoining, so soon as they can raise the necessary funds.

A Spiritual Retreat was commenced on the Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Father Ignatius, who succeeds the late Father Dominick as Provincial of the Passionists in England. Father



Ignatius preaches with a simplicity and fervour which promises the best results for the mission. Already many converts have been made by the Passionists since they first came to Woodchester. They wear the habit of the Order, and the sight which was presented at the Consecration was such as has never been witnessed among the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire for 300 years. The population of Woodchester is remarkably dense for a country neighbourhood, the surrounding vales being crowded with cloth-mills and other factories, while every species of Protestantism has hitherto thriven undisturbed among them. It will be a matter of deep interest to watch the progress of such an Order as that of the Passionists in such a spot, and under such circumstances, while it requires but little exercise of faith in the Divine power of Catholicism to anticipate results the most happy and consoling from their labours.

The church itself, built from the designs of Mr. Charles Hansom of Clifton, is one of the best churches erected in modern times, and will accommodate from 500 to 600 persons. It is in the style of Tintern Abbey, with portions of a somewhat later date. The general proportions of the building are admirable; the details are at once effective and simple; the carvings and decorations are few, but are so judiciously disposed as to relieve the church of all appearance of baldness or meagreness; and above all, the church has cost an extremely moderate sum.

Several of the windows contain painted glass, by Wailes of Newcastle, and are the best we have seen of his execution. They present a remarkably pleasing harmony of colour, and the figures are as good as can be expected while the present system of employing painters of an inferior class is continued. A good painted window cannot be looked for until far higher sums are given for painted glass than is now even thought of. The channel and a side chapel, dedicated to the Forty Martyrs, are elaborately painted and gilt, by Souter of Birmingham. The effect of the decorations of the roof, the high altar and reredos, and the screens, is excellent, being both rich and chaste. The rest of the painting is somewhat deficient in repose and breadth, and interferes with, rather than assists, the architectural effect. The screens (of which there are two), setting aside the debated opinion of their use, are the most elegant we have seen.

The most striking feature in the church, however, is a large picture of the Day of Judgment, above the chancel arch, by Mr. Henry Doyle, displaying much genius and skill, and promising still better things from the young artist's pencil. In the middle sits our Blessed Lord on his throne of judgment; on one side of Him kneels our Blessed Lady, as representative of the Saints of Gospel times, and on the other St. John Baptist, representing the Saints before the coming of Christ. Above are the choir of Angels, and below, on either side of the arch, are the redeemed and the reprobate.

Altogether, though of course there are minute points of detail on which there will be a difference of opinion as to their beauty and their propriety, the church is highly creditable to the artist's knowledge and good taste, and to his judgment in making the most of his means. And were every large Catholic landed proprietor to follow Mr. Leigh's example, the face of England would soon indeed be changed.

We must add, that no payment of any kind is made for seats, and no money is taken at the doors, nor are there any distinctions between rich and poor. Part of the church has benches, and part is left free, or has chairs.

#### LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FRANZONI TO THE REV. FATHER PAGANI.

[The following letter has been handed to us for publication by the Very Rev. Father Pagani.—Ed. *Tablet*.]

REV. SIR,—As soon as I received your letter of the 9th instant, signed by you and by your consultants, Dominic Ceroni and Peter Bertetti, I hastened to present it to his Holiness, after having perused its contents agreeably to your wishes. I did so without any delay, although your letter had for its primary object to prevent a fact already consummated by the publication of the decree which regards the two known works of Rosmini. And I felt great pleasure in so doing, that the Holy Father might know the sentiments of full and entire dependence on the authoritative tribunal of the Apostolic See by which both you and the priests under your charge are animated; and the Holy Father not only has vouchsafed kindly to receive the said letter, but also has expressed himself pleased with the laudable sentiments contained therein, no less than with the humble submission with which the author of the said works received the decree concerning them. Such being the case, I feel sincerely grieved for the affliction which you and your brethren must have endured on account of so unpleasant an event, but at the same time exhort you all to comfort yourselves in the Lord, who will not fail for this reason to bless your apostolic labours in behalf of souls, but will rather turn to their greater profit this same event, in consequence of the edifying submission to, and dependence on, the authority of the Church, of which your Institute, as well as its celebrated head, now gives a salutary and illustrious example.

In the full hope, therefore, that both you and your brethren, far from being discouraged by what has happened, will rather redouble their zeal, in order to continue to reap abundant fruits of coconversion in the kingdom whose salvation I have most at heart, I pray God that He may deign to impart to you and to your reverend brethren every choicest blessing and consolation.

CARDINAL FRANZONI, Prefect, &c.

Naples, 29th September, 1849.

## Historic Chronicle.

THE firmness and moderation of Pius the Ninth, the power of the Church, and the foolishness of Louis Napoleon, have been displayed in no dim colours during the past month. In September the Pope issued his long-expected *motu proprio*, giving, or rather confirming, to the Romans all that could possibly be given. It granted an amnesty to all who could be trusted for the future, it conferred the widest municipal powers on the people, it established a State Council, and promised every practicable reform. But it did *not* transfer the sovereign power to a Roman House of Commons, by giving to them the power of taxation. The republicans of Rome, accordingly, and the red republicans every where else, together with all the *quid nuncs* of England, have spent the last few weeks in reviling Pius the Ninth.

In Paris the battle of opinion raged the hottest, and in Paris the Pope has won a triumph which ought to open the eyes of every rational man to the mysterious power which dwells in the Pope's religion, and which enables it to survive and conquer while all else perishes. M. Thiers first astonished the world by issuing an official report on the Roman question, which eulogised the Pope, accepted thankfully the *motu proprio*, and shelved the French President's awkward letter. It was expected, however, that when the subject came to be discussed in the Chamber, either the Government would split, or a majority take part against the Pope, or the President would carry his wishes triumphant. In the debate, Victor Hugo, hitherto a moderate, attacked the Pope violently, and was answered by Montalembert in one of his most brilliant speeches, in which the most Catholic sentiments were interrupted with repeated rounds of applause; and after two stormy sittings, an immense majority gave in their adhesion to M. Thiers' report.

Next to the Papacy, the Mussulman power has attracted general European attention. The Emperor of Russia, in an insolent letter to the Sultan, demanded that the Hungarian refugees should be given up to him. The Sultan declined, and the Russian Ambassador instantly left Constantinople. The French and English Ambassadors backed up the Turkish Government, and the audacious tyranny of Russia is every where execrated. The quarrel *may* lead to a European war. Meanwhile, Bem and some others of the refugees have turned Mahometans, to ensure the friendship and protection of the Turks.

In England the cholera has been diminishing rapidly, and has almost left London. The sanitary agitation is happily not yet lulled, but reform makes slow progress. A semi-Sabbatarian disturbance has been got up by a Post-Office

regulation for sending country letters on through London on Sundays, which adds a little to the London work, and diminishes the work in the country offices. A small fuss has also been made about a new two-shilling piece just issued, and called a florin, which does not bear the old absurd title of "Defender of the Faith," as one of the attributes of English royalty. Many wiseacres believe the omission to be the work of the Catholic Shiel, the Master of the Mint. Agricultural and financial reform meetings go on throughout the country, and produce small results.

A new outrage has become common in Ireland. The tenants cut and carry off their crops illegally, and so cheat the landlord, who has nothing to seize when his rent is not paid. Murder also is again commencing, and the potato crop has unquestionably failed to a considerable extent. Lord Roden, and two other Orangemen, have been dismissed from the commission of the peace, for sitting in judgment on themselves, and refusing to grant inquiry into the affray at Dolly's Brae. The Repeal Association has also been revived.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* We should recommend our correspondent to lay his question before some one learned in the canon law.

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### NOTICE

#### To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4s. 6d. nearly as much matter as others give for 12s.

The second Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for August, September, and October, is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.

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